

THE YEAR OF THE SCOUT BOOK

Compiled and Edited by

Dr. S. B. KAUSIK



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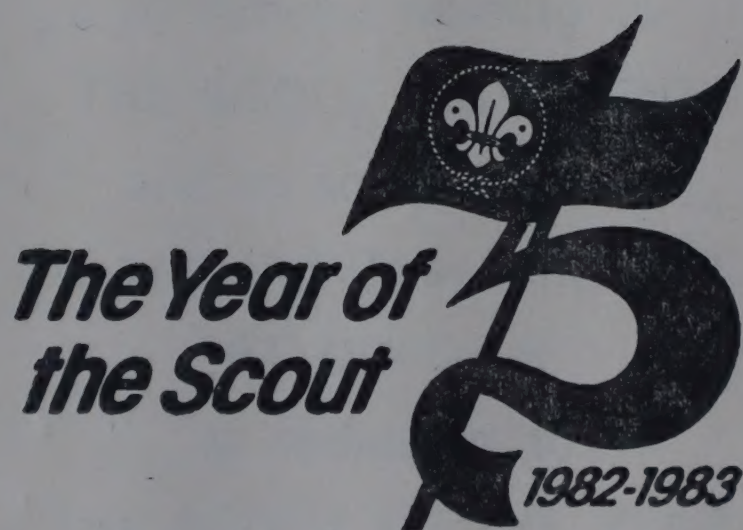
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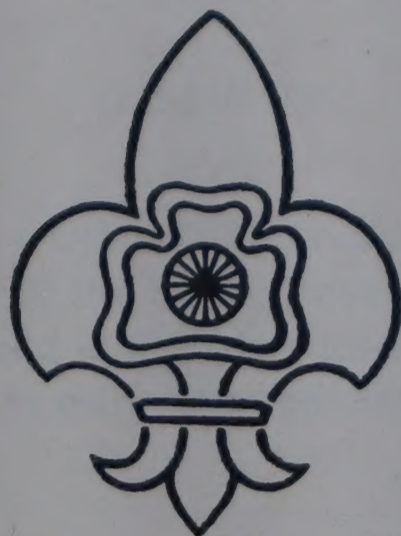
THE YEAR OF THE SCOUT BOOK

*Selected articles on the Scout Movement and
on some facts in the Life of the Founder*

Compiled and Edited by
Dr. S. B. KAUSIK
State Commissioner (Scouts)



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1983



This Little Book
of Articles relating to
THE SCOUT MOVEMENT
and to some facts in
The Life and Personality of its
FOUNDER
is dedicated to
THE SCOUT OF THE YEAR

FOREWORD

The seventeen-month period from the 22nd February 1982 which marked the 125th Birth Anniversary of the Founder of the Scout Movement until the 15th July 1983 when the XV World Scout Jamboree held in Canada ended was declared by the World Scout Bureau as *The Year of the Scout* to mark the completion of seventy-five years of World Scouting.

The World Bureau suggested that member associations of all Scouting countries throughout the world may draw up plans to stage projects and special activities to commemorate *The Year of the Scout*. In our State, apart from such special activities and, as desired by our former State Chief Commissioner, the late Sri Kondajji Basappa and also by some of our other colleagues in the Movement, Dr. S. B. Kausik, who was then Headquarters Commissioner for Research and Development, undertook the task of collecting together a number of special articles published by well-known Scouting personalities, some of them close associates of our Founder, and edit them for publication in our monthly magazine, *The Karnataka Scout and Guide*. There are thirteen of these articles, including one by Dr. Kausik himself, which appeared in each of the thirteen issues of the magazine published during the period. These are now collected together in book form so that the articles may be readily available, for reading or for reference and at the same time, also serving as a memento of *The Year of the Scout*. I appreciate the efforts of Dr. Kausik in this connection.

I have great pleasure in commending *The Year of the Scout Book* to all members of the Movement. The articles are of interest to Scouts and Scouters alike.

Bangalore,
2nd November 1983

V. P. Deenadayalu Naidu
State Chief Commissioner.

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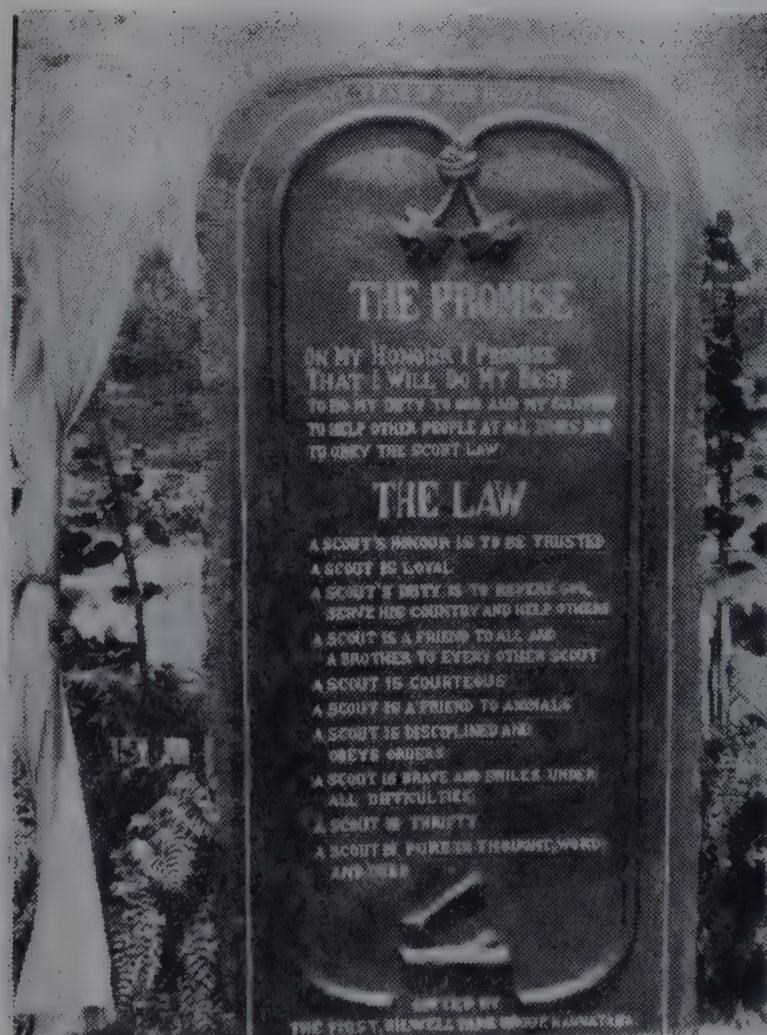
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to record my appreciation of the keen interest of our former State Chief Commissioner, the late Sri Kondajji Basappa in this publication.

My sincere thanks are due to Sri V. P. Deenadayalu Naidu, State Chief Commissioner and Sri A. D. Anandan, State Treasurer and former State Secretary, for the many courtesies extended to me during the course of this work.

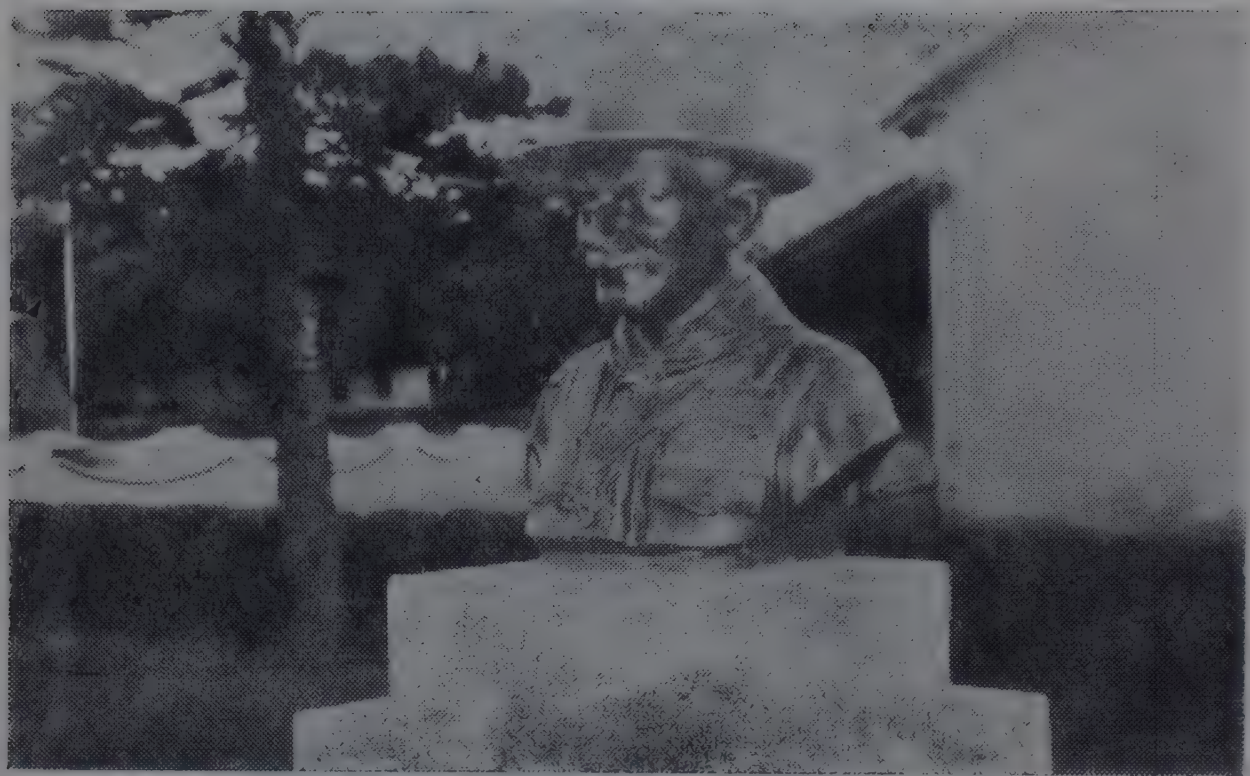
I must also acknowledge the help given to me in various ways by Sri S. Audikesavalu, State Organising Commissioner (Scouts) in the preparation of this book.

The Year Of The Scout Book



THE YEAR OF THE SCOUT
MONUMENT

A Gift by the First Gilwell Park Group in Karnataka



THE FOUNDER

The Bronze Bust of B.-P.

A Mafeking Cadet Speaks

by William Hoffman

Mr. Liden Bradfield Webster, who is 85 years old (that was in 1971), is probably one of the very last men alive today who took an active part in the Siege of Mafeking. His father, Captain Daniel Webster who fought in the Kaffir wars in the eastern Cape under General Sir Henry Smith, had a shop in Mafeking and, as a result, the Webster family were very much involved when hostilities broke out in October 1899. Mr. Webster still retains vivid memories of what took place during the eight months that Lord Baden-Powell and his little force held off the overwhelming might of the Boer Commandos.

After the Siege, Linden Webster was one of the contingent which represented Mafeking at the coronation of King Edward. Reminiscing on the Siege, Webster says: "I was only a lad when Baden-Powell arrived in Mafeking. I recall that it was soon after his arrival that, amongst others, he sent for my father. It was not long after this that I overheard my father telling my mother to start preparing for war with the Boers. We had many friends amongst the Boers who often called at our shop. The discussion was whether or not there would be war. The Boers said they would ride over the Transvaal border and take the town in the first week.

It was obvious, however, that the Colonel, as B.-P. was known, had been preparing for hostilities. As soon as war was declared, various divisions of the

Cape Police moved into the town from the Vryburg area and, at the same time, the Protectorate Regiment entered the town from the north so that the town had already become a military camp before the first shot was fired on the 15th of October.

After war was declared, we did not see any Boers, but, on the morning of 15th October, at about 10 a.m. they opened up with cannon fire. There was mad panic in the town, and mothers gathered up their children and ran for shelter.

We fled to the Kaffir-stad (native village) because it was in a valley. However, after the first day, my mother refused to go back to it, and my father decided to make a dugout next to the shop. Until this was completed, the bags of produce inside were used for our protection.

Within the first week, B.-P. decided that every man or boy who could be used, would serve under the colours. All fit boys from the ages of 12 to 15 had to report to his HQ, where they were addressed by him and Lord Cecil. I was amongst this group. We were told that we were to be employed as dispatch runners. Our officer was Lt. Goodyear and our sergeants were Luke Green and Ivan Stenson. We went to Julius Wekll's shop where the men were issued with uniforms. We were divided into teams and allocated to various positions in the town. Together with two brothers, Len

and Tom Brown, I was allocated to the Colonel's HQ.

I remember that the officers all gathered there at about 16.00 hours each day to get their orders and the password for the night. Sunday was our day off from the war as a result of an agreement between the opposing forces. We had inter-unit football and cricket matches, carnivals, etc., and this helped to break the tension of the war. However, I recall that just before Christmas, the Boers broke this agreement by launching an attack on a Sunday morning. Other than getting away with our Christmas dinner of 19 horses, they achieved very little.

Horse meat was, of course, a regular part of our diet; so was mule and donkey meat. In fact, at the end, we had to eat the hide as well. We received meat twice a week. Towards the end of the siege, we also received a ration of Sowen, named after the man who dreamed it up. This was a sloppy porridge made from horse oats.

I remember well the famous attack made by our forces on Gumbtree Fort. We, in the town, were convinced that traitors had leaked the news of the attack to the Boers. It was in this attack that Fritz-Clarence and, I think, six others were awarded VCs (Victoria Crosses). If I remember rightly, Fritz-Clarence was killed on top of the fort. I had a lucky escape on one occasion. I was due to come off shift at 14.00; things being very quiet and I, being only a young lad, forgot all about the war. Instead of using the trenches to get home, I gaily wandered across the open ground. Suddenly a bullet whistled past my ear. As I dropped to the ground, a hail of bullets fell around me. However, I managed to reach cover safely, but when my father

heard about it, he wanted to give me a hiding. However, I had learned my lesson. Strangely enough about a year after the war, my father and I were visiting some farmers in the Lichtenburg (Western Transvaal) area. One of them, Koos Snyman by name, was reputed to be one of the finest shots in the Transvaal. In discussing the war my father happened to mention this incident in which I had been involved. Koos Snyman looked at me and laughed, "magtig", he said, "I was the man who fired that shot. You're lucky to be alive, I was sure that I had killed you."

When news came through Kimberley had been relieved, we knew that we were next on the list. There was great rejoicing in the town. They knew to a day when we could expect the relieving forces. The newspaper published it as 20 – 19 – 18 – days to go, and so on. The 13 May 1900, we could see the dust of the relief forces towards the south.

The first troops came in on the evening of the 16 May. They were 7 men from 1LH (Imperial Light Horse) Regiment, and were led by my cousin Sgt. Bert Jefferson.

A lot of people have criticised Baden-Powell for the siege. We were about 2,000 strong, including us boys, and at one stage we had 12,000 Boers around us. What would we have achieved by going out to fight them? I believe that Baden-Powell achieved what he had set out to do, to keep a large body of Boers occupied and away from the main fields of battle at Ladysmith.

With acknowledgements to the
Journal of the
Scouts-on-Stamps
Society International 1971

We have changed the title of this article —Editors

The Brownsea Island Experimental Camp: 1907

E. E. Reynolds

The ideas that matured in *Scouting for Boys*, first published in fortnightly parts in 1908, did not spring up suddenly in the Founder's mind; they were the result of some years of thought and observation. Before the publication of this book, he wanted to bring paper ideas to the test of practice. So the camp at Brownsea Island was planned.

It is a loss to us that he did not keep a detailed record of that camp. Under 29th July 1907 in his diary he entered the fact "Go into camp" and under 9th August is the note, "Camp broke up". Each page between these two dates has just the word "Camp". Clearly he did

not think that he was starting something important: otherwise his records would have been more informative.

It should be remembered that the camp on Brownsea Island was an experimental one; we must not expect to find there all the characteristics that now distinguish a Boy Scout camp from other types of camp. It is surprising, however, how many of the fully developed activities and methods are to be found in use at that first camp. For B. P. it was a testing-time for his scheme.

Brownsea Island is in Poole Harbour, about twenty miles west of the Isle of



Wight, off the south coast of England. The island is about a mile and a half in length and some three-quarters of a mile wide. It is well wooded, with heathy clearings towards the centre. The site for the camp was at the south-west corner of the island—not perhaps an ideal spot, but what a touch of romance to choose an island for this experiment! An empty cottage on the shore is a landmark still for those who visit the site. It was used for stores, with the cookhouse close by.

B.-P. decided that he wanted a mixed company of boys to see how they would get on together; so he formed his party out of sons of his own friends and some boys selected by the Boys' Brigade Officers of Poole and Bournemouth; in this, and in helping to organise the camp, he received great assistance from Mr. (later Alderman) H. Robson, and from Mr. G. W. Green, both of the B. B.; the latter was mainly responsible for collecting stores and gear. They were a bit surprised at some of B.-P.'s requirements, for this was not a camp along normal lines to which they had been accustomed.

In a long letter to the parents of the boys, B.-P. described the scheme of training he proposed to follow at the camp—this was under the headings of Woodcraft, Observation, Discipline, Health and Endurance, Chivalry, Saving Life, and Patriotism. He gave the daily time-table with lists of personal equipment each boy would need. Details were also given of the site and of the means of transport. He asked that each boy before coming should learn how to tie a reef knot, a sheet bend and a clovehitch, of which he gave sketches. It is indeed a model letter for a Scoutmaster to send to parents before camp.

Major Kenneth Maclaren, an old Army friend, was there to help, and Mr. Percy W. Everett (later Sir Percy Everett, Deputy Chief Scout for Great Britain) assisted in running the camp. Donald Baden-Powell, B.-P.'s very young nephew, was also there.

These fortunate boys did not, of course, realise what the camp was all about; to them it was just a good holiday with the added thrill of having the Hero of Mafeking to themselves for a week, for that was to have been the length of the camp, but everyone enjoyed it so much that the time was extended.

A few of the boys had arrived before the camp, and with B.-P. and Major Maclaren were helping to pitch the tents. These were bell tents; this was almost the only type available at that time, and indeed for some years to come. Straw palliasses were used for beds, but the boys also made mattresses on looms as described in *Scouting for Boys*. These were used when on night picket. A marquee provided the dining-quarters. Cooking, with an exception to be noted later, was done centrally by an Army cook. The organisation in these respects was on the usual lines of a Boys' Brigade camp.

Each Patrol had its own tent. The flag used had flown over Mafeking during the siege.

The boys did not wear a uniform; some who came from public schools wore similar clothes. They did, however, have Patrol shoulder knots of coloured wool. Wolves—blue; Bulls—green; Curlews—yellow; Ravens—red. Each Patrol Leader had a flag with the animal represented on it. There were also badges. Each boy was given a brass fleur-de-lys badge which

was fastened on to his coat; when he had passed a few tests (knots, tracking, the Flag) he was given another brass badge to fasten below the first, a scroll with the words "Be Prepared" on it.

B. P.'s own uniform, that, at this very first camp he wore shorts, is significant. The long shoulder knot he wore is now at the British Headquarters, London. He wore the same badge in his hat as the boys wore.

The daily programme was as follows :

6 a.m.	Turn out. Air bedding. Milk and biscuits.
6.30 a.m.	Exercises.
7 a.m.	Notices as to day's activities with demonstrations.
7.30 a.m.	Clean camp.
7.55 a.m.	Parade. Flag break followed by Prayers. Breakfast.
9 a.m.	Scouting practices.
12 noon	Bathing.
12.30 p.m.	Lunch.
1-2.15 p.m.	Rest.
2.30 p.m.	Scouting practices.
5 p.m.	Tea.
6 p.m.	Camp games.
7.15 p.m.	Rub down and change.
8 p.m.	Supper.
8.15 p.m.	Camp-fire yarns. Short exercises (breathing, etc.).
9.15 p.m.	Prayers.
9.30 p.m.	Turn in. Lights out.

B.-P. used the koodoo horn (captured in Matabeleland in 1896) to rouse the camp and for signals; several short notes meant "Rally"; a long call meant "Ready". This horn was later used to open the first Scoutmasters' Training Camp at Gilwell Park in 1919 and was also sounded by B.-P. at the opening of the Coming-of-Age Jamboree in 1929.

The exercises used morning and evening were simple ones rather on the lines of those given in *Scouting for Boys*. Many of the Scouting practices were in tracking and stalking, and also in observation training. Tracking-irons were used for laying some trails. The chief officer of the coastguard gave instruction in knotting, life-saving and resuscitation; he supervised practices in fire drill when the boys jumped from the cottage windows into a sheet; he also talked about the flag and of naval traditions and customs.

Bathing included water games and the use of two boats; the most popular game was the Whale Hunt—a game that B.-P. adapted from a suggestion of Thompson Seton. The description B.-P. wrote is as follows :

"The whale is made of a big log of wood with a roughly shaped head and tail. Two boats will usually carry out the whale hunt, each boat manned by one Patrol—the Patrol Leader acting as captain, the second as bowman or harpooner, the remainder of the Patrol as oarsmen. Each boat belongs to a different harbour, the two harbours being about a mile apart. The umpire takes the whale and lets it loose about half-way between the two harbours, and on a given signal, the two boats race out to see who can get to the whale first.

"The harpooner who first arrives within range of the whale drives his harpoon into it, and the boat promptly turns round and tows the whale to its harbour.

"The second boat pursues, and when it overtakes the other, also harpoons the whale, turns around, and endeavours to tow the whale back to its harbour.

"In this way the two boats have a tug-of-war, and eventually the better boat tows the whale and, possibly, the opposing boat into its harbour".

For this game a real whaling harpoon was used.

The rest after lunch was strictly enforced; the boys could chat together, but were not allowed any activity.

The evening camp games were mostly for fun. Basket ball was played with an improvised net. "Bang the Bear" was popular, and so, too, was Cock Fighting. Such muscle-and-wind strengtheners as "The Struggle" were practised.

For the evening meal the boys had to be particularly smart and clean; they called this "dressing for dinner."

The camp-fire yarns were mostly of B.-P.'s own adventures, many of which were incorporated in *Scouting for Boys*. Often they had reference to the practical Scouting of the following day. No one recalls that they did any singing other than the Eengonyama Zulu chant.

The Eengonyama chorus is given in *Scouting for Boys*, and is perhaps not as well known as it used to be. B.-P. heard it in 1887; he then met Zulus for the first time and was greatly impressed with what he called "a wonderful anthem".

Sir Percy Everett has written down his memories of those camp fires.

"Round the camp fire at night the Chief told us thrilling yarns, himself led the Eengonyama chorus, and in his inimitable way held the attention and won the hearts of all.

"I can see him still as he stands in the flickering light of the fire—an alert figure, full of the joy of life, now grave, now gay, answering all manner of questions, imitating the call of birds, showing how to stalk a wild animal, flashing out a little story, dancing and singing round the fire, pointing a moral, not in actual words but in such an elusive and yet convincing way that everyone present, boy or man, was ready to follow him wherever he might lead".

B.-P. was very keen on getting boys accustomed to night conditions; hence the night picket, when B.-P. himself might try to get into the camp from outside the boundaries. One day he told the boys that he was going to "invade" the island and they were to stop him. By this time they had learnt a thing or two, so they posted a scout to keep an eye on his movements and send signals to the others as B.-P. crawled through the undergrowth. As he passed under a big tree, a command "Halt" came from above, and there was Donald B.-P., who thus had the distinction of capturing his uncle. B.-P. used this incident as a good example of the wisdom of looking up as well as around.

There were various competitions, some between the Patrols and some for an individual prize. Thus a prize was given for the best collection of leaves of trees with their names. Another was given for observation tests; this was won by H. Emley. Trail following was done by Patrols as well as individually; trails were laid in various ways—the tracking-irons have already been mentioned—but some were laid with bits of coloured rag on branches, and by Scout signs. Many different practices and competitions in observation were carried out, such as

finding messages hidden in trees ; indeed, B.-P. seems to have put most stress in the training on observation, tracking, stalking, and similar forms of Scouting.

One observation game played was "Old Spotty Face". Here is B.-P.'s description :

"Prepare squares of cardboard divided into about a dozen or more small squares. Each Scout should take one, and should have a pencil and go off a few hundred yards.

"The leader then takes a large sheet of cardboard, with the same number of squares ruled on it of about three inch sides. The leader has a number of black paper discs ; half an inch in diameter, and pins ready, and sticks about half a dozen on to his card, dotted about where he likes. He holds up his card so that it can be seen by the Scouts. They then gradually approach, and as they get within sight they mark their cards with the same pattern of spots. The one who does so at the farthest distance from the leader wins.

"Give five points for every spot correctly shown, deduct one point for every two inches nearer than the furthest man."

On one whole day each Patrol went off on its own with uncooked rations, and had to look after itself, knowing that, at some time during the expedition, they would come under B.-P.'s observation. They had previously had practice in making fires and in making dampers. For this last job they had been taught to mix the dough on the insides of their jackets.

It has been said that B.-P. did not keep a detailed diary of the camp, but in

Part VI of the fortnightly issue of *Scouting for Boys* he gave a summary of a report on the camp he drew up. This passage was later taken out of the book, and as it contains one or two points not so far mentioned, it is here reprinted.

"The Troop of boys was divided up into 'Patrols' of five, the senior boy in each being Patrol Leader. This organisation was the secret of our success. Each Patrol Leader was given full responsibility for the behaviour of his Patrol at all times, in camp and in the field. The Patrol was the unit for work or play, and each Patrol was camped in a separate spot. The boys were put 'on their honour' to carry out orders. Responsibility and competitive rivalry were thus at once established, and a good standard of development was ensured throughout the Troop from day to day. The Troop was trained progressively in the subjects of Scouting. Every night one Patrol went on duty as night picket—that is, drew rations of flour, meat, vegetables, tea, etc., and went out to some indicated spot to bivouac for the night. Each boy had his greatcoat and blankets, cooking-pot and matches. On arrival at the spot, fires were lit and suppers cooked, after which sentries were posted and bivouac formed. The picket was scouted by Patrol Leaders of other Patrols and myself, at some time before eleven p.m., after which the sentries were withdrawn and picket settled down for the night.

"We found the best way of imparting theoretical instruction was to give it out in short instalments with ample illustrative examples when sitting round the camp fire or otherwise resting, and with demonstrations in the practice hour before breakfast. A formal lecture is apt to bore the boys.

"The practice was then carried out in competitions and schemes.

"For example, take one detail of the subject, 'Observation'—namely, tracking.

"1. At the camp fire overnight we would tell the boys some interesting instance of the value of being able to track.

"2. Next morning we would teach them to read tracks by making footmarks at different places, and showing how to read them and to deduce their meaning.

"3. In the afternoon we would have a game, such as 'deer-stalking', in which one boy went off as the 'deer', with half a dozen tennis balls in his bag. Twenty minutes later four 'hunters' went off after him, following his tracks, each armed with a tennis ball. The deer, after going a mile or two, would hide and endeavour to ambush his hunters, and so get them within range; each hunter struck with his tennis ball was counted gored to death; if on the other hand, the deer was hit by three of their balls he was killed.

"This was our principle for teaching most of the items.

"Discipline was very satisfactory indeed. A 'court of honour' was instituted to try any offenders against discipline, but it was never needed. In the first place the boys were put 'on their honour' to do their best; in the second place, the senior boys were made responsible for the behaviour of the boys forming their Patrol. And this worked perfectly well."

In his draft report he noted how easily boys of such contrasted social conditions had mixed. This experience impressed him deeply; out of it grew the basic idea of the fourth Scout Law. The camp gave him confidence that he was working on the right lines. By the autumn of 1907 it is clear that he had seen the need for a new organisation if his ideas were to be widely adopted.

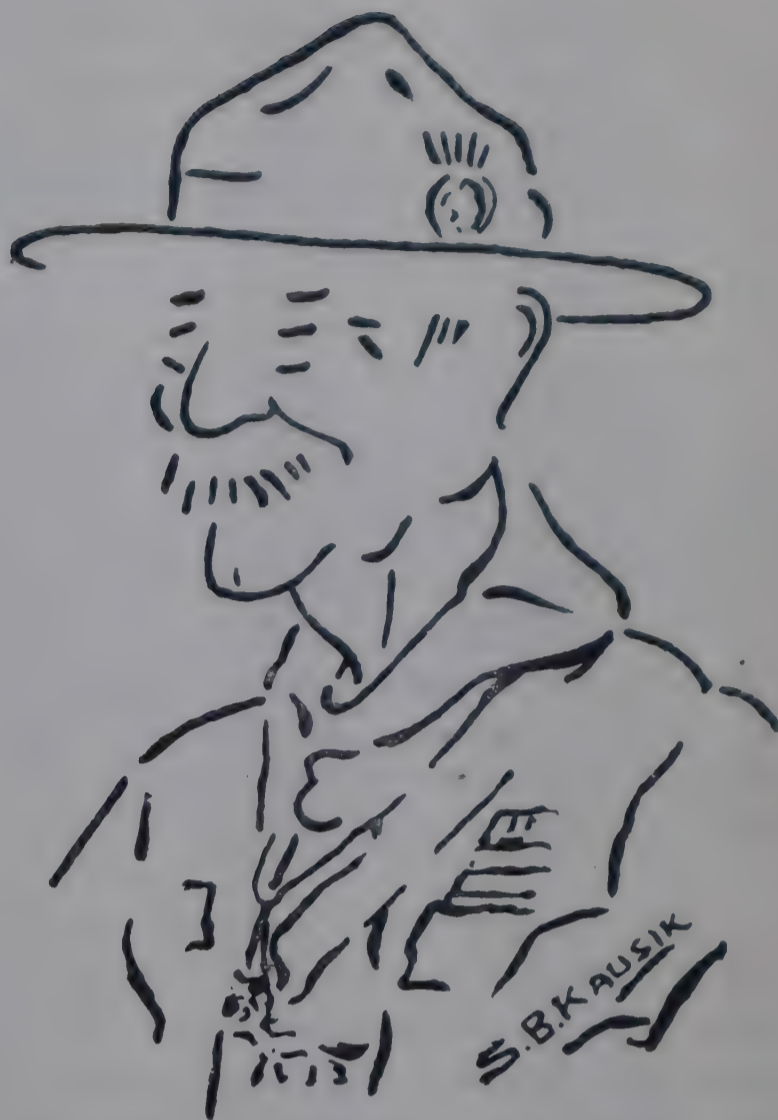
From : Jamboree, August 1947.

Some Facts From B.-P.'s Life

Robert Baden-Powell was born in 1857, but it was not until he was 50 years old that he assembled the first Scout camp, on Brownsea Island, off the coast of England in 1907. It was to test his educational methods with young people. His training methods were certainly the products of his very successful first 50 years of life experiences.

As a youngster – one of ten children (six brothers) – he spent his holidays camping, hiking and sailing. Tent pitching, map and compass use, and wood-fire cooking were but a few of the skills he acquired. Near his school at Charterhouse, England, he used to sneak into the forest, which was off-limits; here he learned how to hide his tracks, climb trees and “freeze” to escape attention, if any of the schoolmasters entered the woods.

In 1876 he went to India as a young army officer and specialized in scouting, map-making and reporting. His success soon led to his training other soldiers for the work. B.-P.'s methods were unorthodox for those days : small units or patrols working together under one leader, with special recognition for those who did well. For proficiency, B.-P. awarded his trainees badges resembling the traditional design of the north compass point. Today's universal Scout badge is very similar.



Later he was stationed in the Balkans, South Africa and Malta. He returned to Africa to help defend Mafeking during its 217-day siege at the start of the South African war. It provided crucial tests for B.-P.'s scouting skills. The courage and resourcefulness shown by the boys in the corps of messengers at Mafeking made a lasting impression on him. In turn, his deeds made a lasting impression in England.

Returning home he found that he had become a national hero. He also found that the small handbook he had written for soldiers was being used to teach observation and woodcraft to members of Boys' Clubs and Boys' Brigade. B.-P. decided to rewrite the book especially for boys. The 1907 camp on Brownsea Island was to test his ideas in practice.

GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT

In 1908 he published "Scouting for Boys", an instant success which produced a movement that quickly adopted the name of the Boy Scouts and necessitated the establishment of an office to administer it.

By 1909 the Movement had taken firm root. "Scouting for Boys" had been translated into five languages. A Scout Rally in London attracted more than 11,000 Scouts. As a result of B.-P. taking a holiday in South America, Chile was one of the first countries outside Britain to begin Scouting. In 1910 he visited Canada and the United States where Scouting had already started.

The coming of war in 1914 could have brought about the collapse of the Movement, but the training provided through the Patrol System proved its worth. Patrol Leaders took over when adult leaders volunteered for active service. Scouts contributed to the war effort in many ways; most notable perhaps were the Sea Scouts who took the place of regular coast-guardmen, thus freeing them for service afloat.

The first World Jamboree took place in 1920, and proved that young people of many nations could come together to share common interests and ideals. Since that first World Jamboree at Olympia in London, there have been 13 others at different locations.

THE SCOUT PROGRAMME

Scouting began as a programme for boys from 11 to 18 years of age. Yet almost immediately there were demands by other to participate. The Girl Guides programme was started in 1910 by B.-P.

His wife Olave, whom he married in 1912, became Chief Guide.

A Wolf Cub section was formed for younger boys. It used Kipling's "Jungle Book" to provide imaginative symbolic background for activities. For older boys, a Rover Scout branch was formed.

The names and characteristics of programmes vary from country to country: Cub Scouts, Beavers, Rovers, Explorers, Senior Scouts and many more. In some countries boys can start when they are 6 years old. Some programmes are open to girls and boys.

Between the two world wars Scouting continued to flourish in all parts of the world—except in totalitarian countries where it was banned. Scouting is essentially democratic and voluntary.

When war came in 1939, Scouts again carried on under their Patrol Leaders; they undertook many national service tasks—messengers, fire watchers, stretcher bearers, salvage collectors and so on. In occupied countries, Scouting continued in secret with Scouts playing important roles in the resistance and underground movements. After the liberation, it was found that the number of Scouts in some occupied countries had, in fact, increased.

What started as a small camp on Brownsea Island is today a growing movement with members in nearly every country in the free world. What started as an out-door camp to teach skills is today a programme that is used successfully in such diverse settings as developing countries and metropolitan innercities.

*From World Scouting Culletin,
January, 1982*

The Game of Scouting

by B.-P.

Yes, Scouting is a game. But some times I wonder whether, with all our pamphlets, rules disquisitions, conferences, and training classes for Commissioners and other Scouters, etc., we may not appear to be making of it *too serious a game*. It is true that these things are all necessary and helpful to men for getting the hang of the thing, for securing results. But they are apt to grow into big proportions (like one's own children or one's own mannerisms) without our noticing it, when all the time it is very patent to those who come suddenly upon it from outside.

Thus this phalanx of instructional aids appears terribly formidable to many a Scouter, while to outsiders having a look before they leap into our vortex it must in many cases be directly deterring. When you come to look on it as something formidable, then you miss the whole spirit and the whole joy of it; your boys catch the depression from you, and Scouting, having lost its spirit, is no longer a game for them.

* * * *

Personally I fear there is the danger that a kind of synthetic Scouting may creep into our training in place of the natural article described in *Scouting for Boys*. I would urge District Commissioners to watch out for this in the course of their inspections and correct the tendency where they spot it.

By "synthetic Scouting" I mean the Scout system obscured by overclothing the natural form with rules and instructive literature, tending to make what originally was, and should be, an open-air game into a science for the Scouter and a school curriculum for the boy.

* * * *

Scouting is not a thing that can be taught by wording it in public speeches, nor by defining it in print. Its successful application depends entirely on the grasp of the Scout spirit by both trainer and trainee. What this spirit is can only be understood by outsiders when they see it ruling the thoughts and the actions of each member of our brotherhood. For this every Scoutmaster and every Commissioner must, as a first point, be imbued with a real understanding knowledge of the Scout ideals, the methods we use to gain them, and the reasons that underline them. Among them, he must realise that Scouting is imparted by personal leadership and example on the part of the Scoutmaster himself, and not by his mere instruction; that the intelligent application of Nature lore and woodcraft largely supplies the means and the incentive, while the Promise and the Scout Law give the direction.

* * * *

It is not a science to be solemnly studied, nor is it a collection of doctrines and texts. Nor again is it a military code for drilling discipline into boys and repressing their individuality and initiative. No—it is a jolly game in the out of doors, where boy-men and boys can go venturing together as older and younger brothers, picking up health and happiness, handicraft and helpfulness.

Many young men are put off Scout-mastering by the fear that they have got to be Admirable Crichtons and capable of teaching their boys all the details for the different Badge tests; whereas their job is to enthuse the boys and to get experts to teach them. The collection of rules is merely to give

guiding lines to help them in ; a difficulty the training courses are merely to show the more readily the best ways of applying our methods and of gaining results.

So may I urge upon Scouters that the more important quest for this year, is to ginger up the *joyous spirit of Scouting through camping and hiking*, not as an occasional treat in intervals of parlour or parade Scouting, but as the habitual form of training for their boys—and, incidentally for themselves.

* * * *

May we say that this may well apply to this YEAR OF THE SCOUT?—*Editors*

Excerpts from
B.-P.'s OUTLOOK, 1941



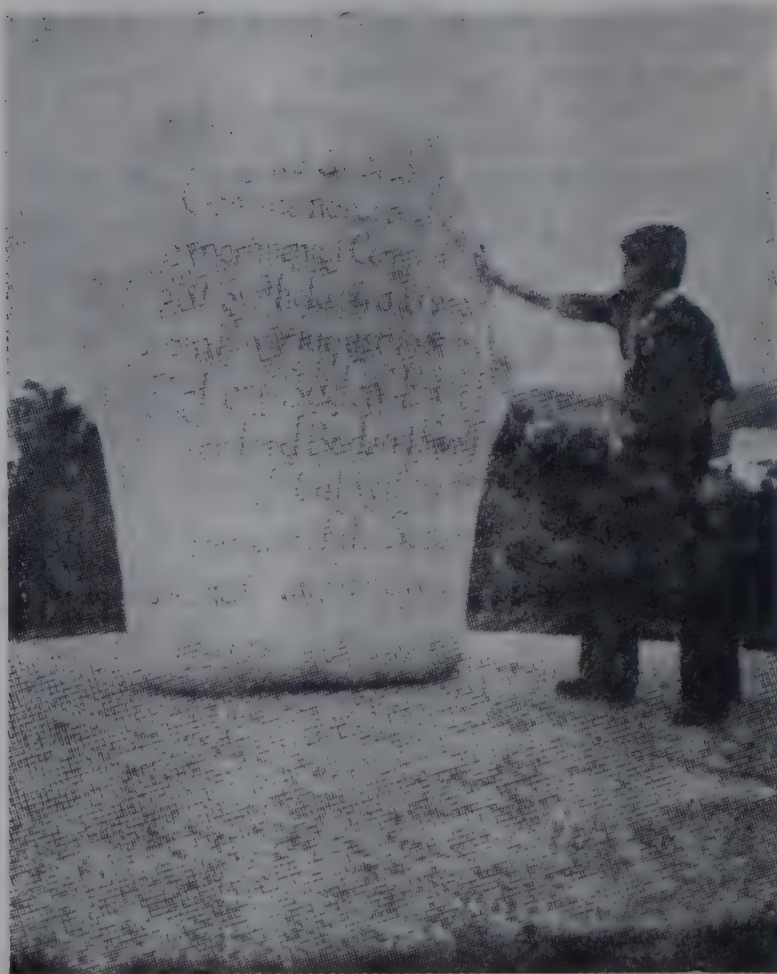
The Brownsea Island Experiment

—B.-P.'s Report

1907

Chronicling the events and engagements which B.-P. recorded in his diary for the year 1907, Rex Hazlewood, Editor of *The Scouter* observed in his article under the caption "1907" in its January 1957 issue : "On the 29th July he writes '*Go to Camp*' And then – how regretably — his diary falls silent. All is silence now until August 9th when we must be satisfied with '*Camp broken up ; breakfasted with Donald at Brownsea Castle*', and the hardly-recorded event that was in its effects to shake the lives of millions of boys and men to their foundations in the years ahead slipped quietly into history". Of this same event, B.-P.'s biographer E. E. Reynolds (*Jamboree*, August 1947) had commented, "Clearly he did not think that he was starting something important ; otherwise his records would have been more informative".

Writing in his *The First Ten Years*, Sir Percy Everett (1948), then Deputy Chief Scout of the British Boy Scouts Association, one of the closest associates of B.-P. since the earliest days of the Movement and had assisted him at his experimental camp in 1907 lamented : "There are two things which I have always regretted. I have not kept a diary and I have not been an amateur photographer.



The Commemorative Stone
on Brownsea Island

How much better it would be for me and how much more vivid a story could I tell of that memorable camp at Brownsea Island if only I had kept my own personal records in words and pictures".

However, we are fortunate that in "1947 a manuscript in the Founder's own handwriting was found in London. The following is B.-P.'s own report of the camp on Brownsea Island in 1907". This is reproduced here by courtesy of the *World Scouting Newsletter Bulletin* for May 1982.

* * * *

Boy Scouts

With regard to the scheme for teaching boys good citizenship under the head of "Scouting," it may be of interest to you to know that an experimental trial has

recently been made of working of the details and with very satisfactory results.

A troop of boys of all classes — public school boys and shop boys — was brought together in camp near Poole, Dorset. With the assistance of Major Kenneth Mc Laren D. S. O. I put them through a week's course of instruction in "Scouting" devoting one day to each subject. (Three or four days each would be required in the real course). In this way, though the boys got but a mere smattering of the proposed training, its methods and scope were put to a good practical test.

The results were such as to encourage the highest hopes as to the possibilities of the scheme when carried out on the larger scale.

An ideal spot was secured on Brownsea Island, most kindly lent for the purpose by the owner Mr. Charles Van Raalte. The Island is nearly two miles long by one wide, thickly wooded in parts, open in others, undulating and containing two lakes in the centre.

Our camp was on the southern shore and was composed of officers' and mess tents, kitchen, and a tent to each patrol. In making arrangements for it, we had the most valuable assistance of Mr. Robson of the Boys' Brigade and also of Mr. Green of the Poole B. B.

We divided the boys into "patrols" of five with a senior boy in each as "patrol leader."

This organization was the secret of our success.

Each patrol leader was given a full responsibility for the behaviour of his patrol at all times, in camp and in the

field. The patrol was the unit for work or play; and each patrol was camped in a separate spot. The boys were put "on their honour" to carry out orders. Responsibility, discipline and competitive rivalry were thus at once established and a good standard of development was ensured through the troop.

(Here Baden-Powell included details of the daily programme and a day by day list of activities. This included: knotting, firelighting, cooking, observation, tracking, woodcraft, life saving and training in chivalry, patriotism and citizenship.)

Night work

Each night one patrol went on duty as "night piquet" — *i. e.*, drew rations of flour, potatoes, meat, tea, etc. — and went out to some indicated spot to bivouac for the night. Each boy carried his great coat, blankets, cooking pot and matches. On arrival at the spot fires were lit and suppers cooked; after which sentries were posted and bivouac formed. The piquet was scouted by patrol leaders of other patrols and myself some time before 11 p. m. after which sentries were withdrawn and the piquet settled down for the night, returning to camp next morning in time for breakfast.

Method of instruction

We found the best way of imparting instruction was to give it out in short instalments with ample illustrative examples when sitting round the camp fire or otherwise resting and with demonstrations in the practice hour before breakfast. A formal lecture on the subject is apt to bore the boys.

The practice was then carried out in competitions and schemes.

For example, take one detail of the subject "observation" — viz., tracking. At the camp fire overnight one would tell the boys some interesting instances of the value of being able to track. Next morning one would teach them reading tracks by making foot-marks of different boys at different places and showing them how to read them and deduce their meaning.

In the afternoon we would have a game such as "Deerstalking" in which one boy went off as the deer armed with half a dozen tennis balls. Twenty minutes later four hunters went after him following his tracks, each hunter armed with a tennis ball. The deer, after going a mile or two, would hide and endeavour to ambush his hunters, each hunter hit with his tennis ball was counted gored to death. If he was hit twice by their balls he was killed.

Discipline

Discipline was very satisfactory indeed.

A court of honour was constituted to try any offences against discipline but it was never needed.

In the first place the boys were put "on their honour" to do their best. Secondly, senior boys were made responsible for the behaviour of the four boys forming their patrol. And this worked perfectly well.

Mixing of classes

The camp was in reality an experimental test of various points in my proposed scheme of instruction.

For this reason I got boys of different classes to see how it suited them. Thus

incidentally the interesting experiment arose of putting boys of all classes to live and work together, and it succeeded beyond my expectation. All were treated exactly on the same footing whether they were from Eton or St. Giles. They were equally distributed in each patrol. They were well mixed up together at the first start by playing in team games together. All took in turn to wait on the others day by day. When off duty I noticed one Harrow boy going out walking with two town boys, and a Cheltenham boy went off with another, from their own choice: in three out of four instances patrol leaders (who were all public school boys) selected as their second in command a town boy.

In this way the rougher boys were perceptively levelled up in the matter of behaviour, cleanliness, etc.; they watched and imitated the others and improved to a remarkable degree in so short a time. And I am certain no harm was done to the other boys; indeed they gained a broader knowledge and sympathy with those whom probably they had thought ignorant and formerly looked down upon.

This, it must be remembered, was fortuitous experiment and does not necessarily come into my scheme.

Opinions on the course of instruction

Since this experimental camp I am more than ever convinced of the possibilities that underlie the Scout training as an educator of boys of all classes.

Prepared as I was for enthusiastic endeavour on the part of the lads, I was surprised at the effect on their character which became visible even in the few days we were at work. And I have not trusted merely to my own observation, but have

had reports from the parents bearing out this conclusion, and giving incidentally some very useful hints from the parents' point of view.

That the boys enjoyed it is evident from the letters I have had from them and from their eagerness for another camp next year. And some of them at any rate have remembered what they learned.

One of the boys, a working boy, writes : "the most important thing that a great many boys need to learn is to look at the bright side of things, and to take everything by the smooth handle. I myself found that a great lesson and I shall never find words enough to thank you for teaching me it. I have already found it a great help in everyday life."

Again "I found it very stuffy when I got home sleeping in a room so I opened my window as far as I could ; but when my brother came to bed he wanted it shut. But after a bit of an argument I managed to get him to leave it half open."

One parent writes, "I see a great change in Tom. He is so much less selfish and always wants to give up things to the others now ; and somehow I feel much more in touch with him than I used to be."

Several parents write to this effect :

"My boy learnt a great deal of useful knowledge and I am sure that the ten days there (in camp) will help much to make him more independent and resourceful."

"I am very glad indeed that Fred went to the camp ; I am sure that the information he obtained there will be a great use to him in the future ;" and so on.

Another writes, "It would be a good thing if you could have a course of instruction for parents to teach them how to train their sons."

Among examples of boys carrying into practice what they had been taught in camp the following from a mother tells its own story.

"Last night the two boys were having a difference of opinion and Eddie (the younger) was almost reduced to tears. Suddenly Kenneth stopped and said : "Wait till I have whistled a bit." And a second later I heard a moist sobby kind of whistle coming from Eddie too — and of course they ended by laughing. I hugged them both and peace was restored."

(In camp the boys were taught when feeling upset or angry to force themselves to whistle as an antidote).

A fault which was pointed out by several of the parents was that the boys arrived home very tired from the camp. But I must claim for the camp that for one thing it was an experimental one, and the course for six weeks was crammed into one ; but also, more particularly the keenness of the boys themselves carried them away to disregard the hours assigned to rest and to do more than was required of them. They did not require any urging to do their work ; quite the contrary.

I now hope to be able to organize the wider distribution of this scheme and to issue a handbook or "self educator" such as will assist Schoolmasters, Officers of Boys and Church Lads Brigades and Cadet Corps, and all others interested in boys, in the development of manliness and good citizenship among the rising generation by an adaptable and inexpen-

sive means which is not only popular and attractive to the boys but is also intensely interesting to the instructors themselves.

From : World Scouting Newsletter Bulletin,
May 1982.

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The photograph of the Commemorative Stone on Brownsea Island, reproduced

hereby courtesy of the United Kingdom Scout Association, has the inscription, "This Stone commemorates the experimental Camp of 20 boys held on this site from 1st to 9th August 1907 by Robert Baden-Powell, later Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, Founder of the Scout and Guide Movements."; However, according to his diary, he went into Camp on the 29th July 1907.



The Beginning of Gilwell

By D. Francis Morgan

Many years ago B.-P. said he wanted two places, one where Scouts from London could go and camp without any long and expensive journey, and the other where a Training Centre for Scouters could be established. And suddenly both his dreams came true, in one and the same place, Gilwell Park.

One day I found a pleasant, and prosperous looking man, wandering about the corridors at I.Hq. I asked him, fortunately quite politely, what he was doing and whether I could help him in any way. He said he wanted to do something for the Scout Movement; so I took him to my room and we sat down to talk about it.

I discovered that his "something" might be in the nature of several thousand pounds; and he wanted to know if good use could be made of it and for what purpose. So I told him what I knew was in B.-P.'s mind. He liked the idea; he came and saw B.-P., and the whole thing was settled.

That was William du Bois Maclaren, a Scottish District Scout Commissioner, and the search for a suitable place began.

P. B. Nevill—the Commissioner of East London—has always claimed to be the one who found Gilwell. His claim to this distinction was, I know, disputed on friendly rivalry by another Commissioner;

but I gather he has now firmly established it. He was certainly very active there in those first early days; he even slept, or at any rate spent many nights, up a tree in the Lime Walk on a kind of monkey platform he had built.

So we got Gilwell and the memory of him to whose generosity and belief in Scouting we owe it, is perpetuated by the patch of Maclaren tartan on the point of our Gilwell Scarves.

The next thing was to find the man to run it. We had all realised that, though there must always be a place there for Scout camping, at the same time its outstanding function must be that of a Training Centre for Scouters; and it was essential that the man who was to be known as Camp Chief (now he is called Director of Adult Training) should be one who could there establish and conduct a scheme of training in accordance with B.-P.'s vision.

Here again I was fortunate enough to be involved in these early beginnings. Sir Percy Everett, who was closely associated with B.-P. from the earliest days of the Movement and who subsequently became the Deputy Chief Scout, asked me if I knew anyone who could do it, and I told him I knew one who I was sure would be the very man if he would take it on—Francis Gidney.

I had known him for many years—a very good Scout who did brilliantly anything to which he set his hand, a man of great charm and immense enthusiasm, always bubbling over with ideas, a man of deep and sincere convictions and with an intense belief in Scouting. We had been up at Cambridge together where he had been successful in every way, in spite of various mad adventures we had together, and he had afterwards gone into the army. Keen as I knew he was on Scouting, I doubted if he would feel he could give up a career, which was already one of great promise. But I wrote and told him about the job; and, by an extraordinary coincidence my letter crossed one from him to me; as a result of his war experiences he was being invalided out of the Army; did I know a job that he could do?

So he came and saw B.-P. and Everett and others at I.Hq; and, finding favour in their eyes, was offered the job of Camp Chief. A few days later he told me that his Army doctors had said he could not stand such a job; but he refused to accept their verdict and went to see a specialist who told him it was just the sort of life he ought to lead. So Gidney came to Gilwell; and there under the direction and guidance of the Founder of Scouting he established Wood Badge Training and gave it the scope and form which it still basically retains.

Gilwell was very different forty years ago from what it has now become. It had been uninhabited and lain derelict for over fifteen years; the whole place was complete jungle, and the House itself was in a ruinous state. We should have saved a lot of money in the end if we had pulled the old house down and built a new one; but we should have lost all the graciousness and atmosphere of that beautiful and

historic house; and we have been abundantly justified in restoring and preserving it.

Gidney and his wife moved in early in the summer of 1919, but could not for some time use the main house and had to live in the gardener's cottage which then stood where the new Troop Room has now been built; some years later the cottage had to be pulled down to save it from falling down.

During that summer I spent a good deal of time at Gilwell, and I well remember the first time I went to stay there. Gidney met me at Chingford Station with a pony in a tub-like conveyance known in those days as a 'governess cart'. When we came to Gilwell Lane it was quite difficult to see where it began; it was almost completely grown over, and the pony had to push its way between the bushes on each side of the track.

All through those months Gidney and I had many long talks about the first course* that was to be run, and he eventually asked me to go down a few days beforehand and stay at Gilwell to help him with the course. There was not a great deal of room in the gardener's cottage, so I said I would sleep in the house. But my first night was not much of a success. I found a place where the roof was not open to the sky, but there were bangs and crashes all night as the wind blew doors without fastenings to and fro, and glass fell out of loose and broken windows. So I moved into quite a sound hut near where the Gidney Cabin now stands, and having cleaned it out, I made myself a comfortable home with a camp bed, table and chairs. It was not a long time after-

*This was the first Wood Badge Course—a Scout Course—held from the 8th to the 19th September 1919.

wards that I was told it had originally been a pig-sty. I don't believe that; if it had been a pig-sty it was surely the largest and most luxurious mortal pigs ever had.

The night before the course assembled Gidney came to my pig-sty, and we sat and talked until quite late. It was very dark when he left me to make his way through the jungle to the gardener's cottage. I offered him a large acetylene lantern I had, but he scorned it. "My dear chap," he said, "do you think I don't yet know my way about Gilwell"? So off he went, and I started turning in for the night. Some time afterwards I heard a great crashing in the bushes and went to the door to see what sort of a beast it was. There was Gidney looking rather the worse for wear and admitting he had completely lost himself in the jungle; and he begged the loan of my lantern after all.

The first course was a most interesting time, and proved even more successful than we had hoped. But the strain told on him, and on the last night he had to go to bed early and asked me to take the last Camp Fire. This, although I did not realise it at the time, was undoubtedly a first indication that his Army doctors had been right. He suffered a good deal in his health all the time he was at Gilwell, and died not so very long after he left there.

At this last Camp Fire the members of the course were feeling on top of the world and their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They felt they had had an experience no man had had before; they were pioneers, a band of brothers who must keep together and never lose the bonds of a very special brotherhood that must always exist between them. As I stood in the light of that Camp Fire to give

a final talk, I too was deeply moved by the emotion of a moment that could never be forgotten, that could never quite occur again, but I felt I must remind them that there was one brotherhood of Scouting, and that we must never contemplate any kind of inner brotherhood of Gilwellians.

This point came up again next morning. The Course assembled in what is now B.-P.'s room at I.Hq to hear final words from the Chief Scout himself. B.-P., Gidney and I stood for a few minutes outside the door whilst I urged there should be no special Gilwell Scarf, and indeed, the pendulum having perhaps swung too far in my mind, there should be no actual Wood Badge worn. But the others were against me, and I the least of the three; and so the Course got their Wood Badges and Scarves. But there may have been some slight substance in my argument at that time; on several occasions in the next few years, some Wood Badgers did lose their heads a little; and B.-P. occasionally reminded holders of the Wood Badge that it was not the sign of a distinction once attained that raised them for all time to a higher level than all their fellow Scouters, but that it was evidence of a desire to learn and go on learning for the rest of their lives; of, in fact, a humble and enquiring mind.

A day or two later I received a short note from Gidney: "I want to say that I hope you take the little affair of the 'bag o' bones' in the light of a purely business and impersonal matter, as I do. I should be awfully upset to think you felt otherwise, but there—I know you well enough to be quite sure on that score.

P.S. I bet old Dinizulu turned in his grave with excitement at about 2 p.m. on the 19th !!!"

Gidney was a great man; a happy man, though dark clouds gathered round him in his latter days; and he gave happiness to many. He started Gilwell with all that that implies, and I can think of few who could have done it so well at the beginning. How things would have gone had he stayed longer than he did is not so certain; he was an inspirer rather than an administrator. He was not always a good judge of character; he was too kind and tolerant a man to be always fully conscious of defects in others; and his loyalty was of a depth not always fully comprehended by some with whom he had to deal.

But Scouting will always owe a deep debt of gratitude to Captain Francis Gidney, its first Camp Chief.

From *The Scouter*, January 1960

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About the Author: Francis Morgan was one of B-P.'s close associates. He was the first Deputy Camp Chief. Deputy Camp Chiefs were members of the international team responsible for conducting recognised training courses for adult leaders on the Gilwell pattern. Morgan also held many other important assignments in the Movement at various times, as Assistant Secretary at the then Imperial Headquarters in London (1918), as Legal Secretary (1938), Legal Adviser to the Boy Scouts Association in the United Kingdom (1952), Assistant Overseas Commissioner (1958) and at the time of writing this article (1960), as Commonwealth Commissioner.

—Editors

The Most Famous General I Have Known

Sir Winston Churchill

The most famous statesman, confidant for half a century of the world's great, tells of a famous General, whose greatest victory echoes in the hearts of boys all over the world.

The three most famous Generals I have known in my life won no great battles over the foreign foe. Yet their names, which all begin with "B," are household words. They are General Booth, General Botha and General Baden-Powell. To General Booth we owe the Salvation Army; to General Botha, United South Africa; and to General Baden-Powell, the Boy Scout movement.

In this uncertain world one cannot be sure of much. But it seems probable that hundreds of years hence these three monuments that we have set up in our lifetime will still proclaim the fame of their founders not in the silent testimony of bronze or stone, but as institutions guiding and shaping the lives and thoughts of men.

I remember well the first time I saw the hero of this article, Lord Baden-Powell. I had gone with my regimental team to play in the Cavalry Cup at Meerut. There was a great gathering of the sporting and social circles of the British Army in India. In the evening an amateur vaudeville entertainment was given to a large company. The feature of this was a sprightly song and dance by an officer of the garrison and an attractive lady. Sitting as a young lieutenant in the stalls, I was struck by the quality of the performance

which certainly would have held its own on the boards of any of our music halls. I was told:

"That's B.-P. An amazing man! He won the Kadir Cup, has seen lots of active service. They think no end of him as a rising soldier; but fancy a senior officer kicking his legs up like that before a lot of subalterns!"

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of this versatile celebrity before the polo tournament was over.

Three years passed before I met him again. The scene and the occasion were very different. Lord Roberts' army had just entered Pretoria, and General Baden-Powell, who had been relieved in Mafeking after a siege of 217 days, was riding in two or three hundred miles from the Western Transvaal to report to the Commander-in-Chief. I thought I would interview him on behalf of the *Morning Post* and get a first hand account of his famous defence.

We rode together for at least an hour, and once he got to talking he was magnificent. I was thrilled by the tale, and he enjoyed the telling of it. I cannot remember the details but my telegram must have filled the best part of a column. Before dispatching it I submitted it to him. He

read it with concentrated attention and some signs of embarrassment, but when he finished he handed it back to me, saying with a smile, "Talking to you is like talking to a phonograph." I was rather pleased with it, too.

In those days, B.-P.'s fame as a soldier eclipsed almost all popular reputations. The other B.P.—the British Public—looked upon him as the outstanding hero of the war. Even those who disapproved of the war and derided the triumphs of large, organized armies over the Boer farmers, could not forbear to cheer the long, spirited, tenacious defence of Mafeking by barely eight hundred men against a beleaguering force ten or twelve times their numbers.

No one had ever believed Mafeking could hold out half as long. A dozen times, as the siege dragged on, the watching nation had emerged from apprehension and despondency into renewed hope and had been again cast down. Millions who could not follow closely or accurately the main events of the war looked day after day in the papers for the fortunes of Mafeking, and when finally the news of its relief was flashed throughout the world, the streets of London became impassable, and the floods of sterling cockney patriotism were released in such a deluge of unbridled, delirious, childish joy as was never witnessed again till Armistice night, 1918. Nay, perhaps the famous Mafeking night holds the record.

Then the crowds were untouched by the ravages of war. They rejoiced with the lighthearted frenzy of the spectators of a great sporting event. In 1918 thankfulness and a sense of deliverance overpowered exultation. All bore in their hearts the marks of what they had gone through. There were too many ghosts about the streets after Armageddon.

But popular acclaim is short-lived, and Baden-Powell soon dropped out of the spotlight. He was destined to reappear in a totally different role. It was in 1907 that B.-P. held his first camp for boys to learn the lore of the backwoods and the discipline of Scout life. Twenty-one boys of every class from the East End of London, from Eton and Harrow, pitched their tents on Brownsea Island in Dorsetshire. From this modest beginning sprang the world-wide movement of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, constantly renewing itself as the years pass, and now millions strong.

In 1908 the Chief Scout, as he called himself, published his book, *Scouting for Boys*. It appealed to all the sense of adventure and love of open-air life which is so strong in youth. But beyond this it stirred those sentiments of knightly chivalry, of playing the game—any game—earnest or fun—hard and fairly, which constitute the most important part of the British system of education.

Success was immediate and far-reaching. The simple uniform, khaki shorts and a shirt—within the range of the poorest—was founded upon that of General Baden-Powell's old corps, the South Africa Constabulary. The hat was the famous hat with the flat brim and pinched top which he had worn at Mafeking. The motto "Be Prepared" was founded on his initials. Almost immediately we saw at holiday times on the roads of Britain little troops and patrols of Boy Scouts, big and small, staff in hand, trudging forward hopefully, pushing their little handcart with their kit and camping gear towards the woodlands and parklands which their exemplary conduct speedily threw open to them. Forthwith there twinkled the campfires of a vast new army whose ranks will never be empty and whose march will never be ended, while red blood courses in the veins of youth.

It is difficult to exaggerate the moral and mental health which our nation has derived from this profound and simple conception. In those bygone days the motto "Be Prepared" had a special meaning for our country. Those who looked to the coming of a great war welcomed the awakening of British boyhood. But no one, even the most resolute pacifist, could be offended; for the movement was not militaristic in character, and even the sourest, crabbedest critic saw in it a way of letting off youthful steam.

The Great War swept across the world. Boy Scouts played their part. Their keen eyes were added to the watchers along the coasts; and in the air raids we saw the spectacle of children of twelve and fourteen performing with perfect coolness and composure the useful func-

tion assigned to them in the streets and public offices.

Many venerable, famous institutions and systems long honoured by men perished in the storm; but the Boy Scout movement survived. It survived not only the war, but the numbing reactions of the aftermath. While so many elements in the life and spirit of the victorious nations seemed to be lost in stupor, it flourished and grew increasingly. Its motto gathers new national significance as the years unfold upon our island. It speaks to every heart its message of duty and honour: "Be Prepared" to stand up faithfully for Right and Truth, however the winds may blow.

Courtesy *Scouting* (Boy Scouts of America), December 1955.



Movement or Organisation ?

by E. E. Reynolds

B.-P. was fond of reminding us that we are "a Movement, not an Organisation". What did he mean ?

Let us clear the ground by pointing out what he did *not* mean. He did not mean that there should be no organisation. In *Scouting for Boys* he wrote: "For playing a great game successfully a definite organisation and clear rules are essential." The principle on which he built up the organisation of the Movement in Great Britain was that of decentralisation. "By decentralisation and giving a free hand to the local authorities, we avoid much of the red tape which has been the cause of irritation and complaint in so many other organisations" (*Aids to Scoutmastership*).

Rules are necessary and some kind of organisation is also necessary, but both, unless watched carefully, can become burdensome. Organisation can become an end in itself—for the benefit of organisers who like organising other people—it is then dangerous; it should always remain the servant of the Movement, and not become its master.

I think B.-P. had two main thoughts in his mind in making this statement.

- (1) Scouting is dynamic and not static.
- (2) Scouting must give the Scouter (as he should give the Scout) maximum

scope for initiative and experiment within the scheme of Scouting.

Let us consider these in turn.

Dynamic

Under B.-P.'s guidance, Scouting grew. As new needs arose so he welcomed the adaptation or extension of the original scheme to meet them. Thus Wolf Cubs and Rover Scouts were started, to take two outstanding examples. It may be noted that whenever this kind of development was encouraged some people grumbled; they did not want growth; they wanted things to stay as they were—to become static, and probably ossify. This adaptability of Scouting, and B.-P.'s willingness to consider and experiment with new ideas, meant that the Movement had gone on moving; the original small plant (to change the metaphor) has sent out new shoots which have grown into strong branches.

Initiative

B.-P. wanted Scouters to have full scope for the exercise of initiative; he knew that if they worked to a fixed schedule the spirit would soon wilt. He was even suspicious of printed programmes of activities. In 1910 someone suggested that he should publish a book of programmes for Scoutmasters to follow. He replied: "My idea in making *Scouting*

for Boys informal is to discourage this infernal creeping in everywhere of formality (drill) and red tape. We want elasticity and not hard and fast rules, nor even the semblance of them." This desirable Utopia proved unattainable, for ordinary folk do need some guidance; the point is that they should not depend on that guidance alone, but use it as a jumping-off place for their imaginations. It is difficult to get some Scouters to realise their freedom from set programmes. Anyone who has been concerned with training Scouters knows how some will use their note-books afterwards as a rigid guide to be followed almost word for word. I sometimes think it would be a good thing to forbid the taking of any notes on Training Courses.

This emphasis on initiative was closely connected with B.-P.'s own character. Here are two appreciations of him as a commander, both written in 1909-10. in attempting to estimate his qualities as a soldier.

"The uncompromising enemy of hidebound rules and unintelligent drill, he made it his aim to develop initiative and individual responsibility, not only in junior officers, but in every man of a regiment, and always laid great stress on the use of observation and intelligence in war."

"His originality lay in a certain unquenchable and almost exotic attraction towards the unusual in warfare; in a preference for setting precedents rather than following them, for making rather than adopting experiments; and he was at once at home with any description of comrades whom the emergency which he courted might produce to meet it".

The unusual thing was that B.-P. wanted other people, including Scouters, to have the same freedom he claimed for himself; often the "leader" of this type becomes an autocrat and insists on other people accepting his ideas without question !

The combination of rules with scope for initiative is not easy to attain; we tend to go to one extreme or the other—to be too submissive, or too rebellious. In Scouting, our organisation must help us to keep the right balance and give us the largest measure of freedom within the widest limits of regulation. Can it be done? The answer is: "Yes, experience proves it can be done, but we must be on the watch for signs of danger."

Signs of Danger

A few of the signs of danger may be pointed out so that we can be on our guard.

Top-heavy organisation can cripple initiative. People in authority tend to think out ways in which they can exert that authority—that is a human tendency, but needs watching.

When too many demands are made on the Scouter's time and energy (apart from his actual job of training boys), then the organisation is getting top-heavy and needs cutting down. We should always remember that a Scouter is giving his own free time—which is strictly limited—and that there are other legitimate calls upon him which he must not neglect, such as his family, his church, and his social and cultural interests. We cut too deeply into his time and goodwill if we expect him to attend many meetings, or sit on several committees, or go through too much training.

Let us restrict as severely as possible the amount of paper-work we ask from him—filling up returns, keeping over-elaborate records, and so on. A certain amount of all this is unavoidable, but from time to time it is well to survey the whole field and see what exactly we are demanding from our Scouters. It is so easy to add just one more request—it seems so small by itself—but let us at the same time have a look at all the previous requests which have mounted up one by one.

A further burden can be the number of rallies, competitions, publicity stunts, parades, and so on which a Troop is expected to share in and work for. Each rally means so much less real Scouting. Public rallies are useful, so are competitions, but both can be an infliction on Scouter and Scout. The test of each should be "Will this improve the quality of our Scouting?" Again it is the accumulation of these which is dangerous. Separately each can probably be justified, but taken all together they interfere too much with the training of the boys.

One inevitable result of this piling up of our claims on the spare time of Scouters is that men, especially young men, are reluctant to come forward to share in the game. They see before them a prospect of engagements night after night (not always with the boys); they hear of training courses they should undergo; they notice the rallies and public functions they will be expected to attend and help organise; they find that there are forms to be filled and returns to be made and records to be kept. Result? "Nothing doing?"

Essentials

There is only one thing in Scouting which matters—the training of the boy. All else must be subordinated to that. In *Scouting for Boys* the essentials of the

training of the Boy Scout are set out for us, not as a rigid scheme, but as an invitation to adventure. Central offices, all Commissioners, books of rules, training courses, handbooks—all could vanish tomorrow, but if one copy of *Scouting for Boys* survived, SCOUTING WOULD STILL GO ON! Why? Because it is something the boy wants and something he likes. The organisation comes second, not first; it has a useful function, but if it interferes too much between Scouter and Scout it becomes a menace.

What B.-P. said

Let us take up *Scouting for Boys* again and see what B.-P. said.

"We look at the training from the boys' point of view and shape it accordingly, and the organisation is framed to meet the Scouter's wants as far as possible by decentralising authority, and giving local support without irritating supervision, red tape or expense".

Courtesy Jamboree, April 1947

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Yet another close associate of the Founder and a veteran of the Movement, E. E. Reynolds served the Movement in various capacities. He authored the official biography of the Founder entitled *Baden-Powell and The Scout Movement* which is a "history of the first forty years of the most remarkable boy-training organisation of this century". He acted as the editor of *The Scouter* for some time and later of the *Jamboree*, the journal of World Scouting. Both of these have since ceased publication.

Reynolds served on the training staff of the international training centre at Gilwell Park, near London, first as Assistant to the first Camp Chief when the Wood Badge scheme of training started there in 1919 and later became the Camp Chief's Deputy.

The Book that started a Movement

Andrew Paterson

(The title of this article is here changed from the original title, "When Scouting Began", with apologies to the author.—Eds.)

Some fifty years ago I had the privilege of being a junior member of the editorial staff of C. Arthur Pearson Limited, magazine publishers in London. At that time the editorial men had an interesting custom. If one wished to leave early, he would suddenly exclaim that he had to see a proof at the printer's. Pearson's office, I should explain, was situated in Henrietta Street near Covent Garden, while the printer's was on the other side of Chancery Lane, nearly opposite the entrance to Lincoln's Inn. Arriving at the printer's our editorial friend would get his proof, which took him about five minutes to read, after which he would remark with professed surprise, "Why, it is four o'clock. It is hardly worth while returning to the office at this late hour." So off he would go either home or for the particular engagement he had in mind.

Well, one afternoon in January 1908, I had a sudden urge to see a proof at the printer's. Arriving there, whom should I run into but F. J. Lamburn, chief editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, with which paper I was particularly associated at the time. To my surprise, instead of warmly demanding what I was doing at the printer's at that hour of the day, he exclaimed, "Paterson, you're a Godsend. I have some proofs to pass. Be a sport and read them for me, and I'll be able to get the early train home."

What could I do but agree? Was he not my chief? And so he took his departure. By and by the proofs were brought for my inspection. To my surprise, instead of being the usual *Pearson's Weekly* page sheets, they were little proofs like pages for a book.

"Haven't you brought me the wrong proofs?" I said to the Superintendent.

"No," he replied. "These are the final revised proofs for that book your people are bringing out for that Mafeking chap, Baden-Powell. They're very important. That's why Lamburn was over himself to see them."

Finding that I had been trapped into a more difficult task than I had anticipated, I began turning the proof sheets over, and then suddenly for the first time I beheld the title page with the magic words, "SCOUTING FOR BOYS." In short, instead of playing hookey, as I had intended, I had unexpectedly been given the honour of putting to press the first of the fortnightly parts—whose appearance on the news-stands two or three days later was to bring the Boy Scout Movement into being.

This was to prove to be the first of many chores I was privileged to carry for

the Boy Scouts in those early days, though, strangely enough, I was never a member of the staff of *The Scout*, the weekly publication Pearson's brought out two or three months later to boost Scouting, nor was I ever formally initiated into the Scout Movement.

But I enjoyed the confidence of Sir Percy Everett, Pearson's editorial Managing Director, and from time to time he would call upon me to assist in projects to make the magazine popular and, of course, the Scout Movement as well. In this way I came to contribute articles to early issues of *The Scout* and to assist with certain features such as "What every Scout should know." I even wrote a story in verse entitled "The Scout who was afraid." Much to my amazement, and perhaps amusement, I discovered this "poem" being circulated among Scouts in Eastern Canada some 25 years later.

May I now record some of my own impressions of the Founder as I saw him in the beginning. Like most of the younger generation of fifty years ago, I regarded him with feelings of awe and admiration. Was he not the outstanding hero of the recent Boer War?

But after a few months, during which time I had the opportunity to see him more or less closely, I began to be puzzled and in fact began to wonder how a man of his temperament should have become associated with a Movement for young people. He was not young — he was 50, and 50 seems old age to boys. He was unmarried, and bachelors, as a rule, are staid in their ways and have little use for youngsters. And he was one who had attained high rank in the army, which meant that he was accustomed to barking out

orders and expected to have them instantly obeyed, a characteristic that tended to make him seem brusque and stand-offish to the young. And yet it was this man with all these handicaps, so to speak, who was divinely chosen — and I use the word divinely deliberately — to head the Boy Scout Movement.

He worked hard to put Scouting on the map. Let me also add that he encountered tremendous opposition. On the one hand scarcely had *Scouting for Boys* been published than pacifists accused him of trying to impregnate the young with militarism. On the other hand he was denounced by the Colonel Blimps of the day for trying to make the army a game for school boys, and these protests were followed up with denunciations from country gentry, from farmers and from landed proprietors, all horrified at the idea of the rascal young Scouts trampling over their farmlands or through their game preserves to the detriment of their crops or next season's shooting.

Like their Chief, too, these boys had to suffer all sorts of opposition and, in particular, ridicule, which youngsters find harder to endure than anything else. When these young pioneers appeared in the streets, that was the signal for all the would-be wits in the neighbourhood to come out and make them the butt of their so-called wisecracks and cat-calls. Grown-ups, who should have known better, were critical.

Fifty years have passed since Scouting began. Of course things have changed in that period, but I often wonder as I view a parade and note the youngsters in uniforms covered with badges and knots and cords of all descriptions, are we teaching the boys of today to develop their own initia-

tive, as B.-P. did at the beginning? And many a time, too, at a demonstration, when one can scarcely see the boys, for the big brass running to and fro and dominating the scene, I find myself wondering, are we forgetting that what Baden-Powell started, when the present century was young, was Scouting — FOR BOYS.

Courtesy The Scouter, July 1957

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The fortnightly parts of *Scouting for Boys* appeared on every other Wednesday during January, February and March 1908, the first part on Wednesday, 15 January 1908. The last and final part was addressed to young men, with an appeal to come forward and start teaching Scouting practices to the boys. Subsequently, these six parts were collected together and published in book form on the 1st of May 1908.

Even before the publication of *Scouting for Boys* many school teachers and others interested in the training of boys were using an army manual, *Aids to Scouting* which B.-P. wrote and published during

the siege of Mafeking (1899–1900) for the training of young soldiers. On the suggestion of his friend Sir William Smith, the Founder of the Boys' Brigade that he should write his scheme of training boys on the lines of *Aids to Scouting*, B.-P. wrote the basic manual of Scouting, *Scouting for Boys* after his successful Brownsea Island experiment in August 1907.

Boys by the thousands and men with the spirit of the boy within them joined the ranks and the scheme of training as set out in *Scouting for Boys* became a Movement and soon resulted in a global organisation.

In the last part of *Scouting for Boys* there was a note that "further information or advice" would be available from the Manager of the Boy Scouts. The office became deluged with letters, and to meet the situation, a weekly newspaper, *The Scout* started publication. This was to be B.-P.'s mouthpiece and contained further information which the boys wanted. The first issue, dated 18 April 1908 appeared on the bookstalls on 14 April 1908. Each week B.-P. wrote his page in *The Scout* until his death in January 1941.

S. B. Kausik

B.-P.'s Personality : Some Impressions

by Lt.-Col. G. A. SWINTON HOME
Late 5th Dragoon Guards (Retd.)

Published here from three separate articles we find some candid impressions of the many-splendoured personality of our Founder by three different categories of persons, namely a soldier, B.-P.'s contemporary who served under him in India, a college don, and lastly by his own grandson.

The Early Days of B.-P.

Born in a Victorian Age, and gazetted as a 2nd Lieutenant into the 5th Dragoon Guards, I joined my regiment in Meerut, India, very early in 1896. Steeped in Old World tradition, as then all cavalry regiments were, innovations were anathema, and drill and smartness on parade, good equitation, good horsemanship and, above all, a slavish obedience to authority were the hallmarks of the good cavalry officer, who was forbidden to take part in anything but mounted games. Promotion was terribly slow, and I was a 2nd Lieutenant for some seven years ! The acme of excellence, as the then C. in C. in Great Britain, the Duke of Cambridge, demanded was irreproachable drill in ceremonial parades. My senior officers were elderly and absolutely Victorian in outlook.

On the retirement of the then colonel, in Meerut, the regiment was horrified to learn that a young major from the 13th Hussars, R.S.S. Baden-Powell (who for his services in Africa—was a Brevet Colonel), had been appointed to command. This was unheard of, and what could that young man, who had spent some time in Africa

amongst savages, know of cavalry drill and training?

Baden-Powell arrived on first appointment in 1898. He was modest but firm. Some senior officers retired. His outlook was heretical. Gone were the stiff dreary ceremonial parades, hated by us youngsters. Far-seeing, he started in with the subalterns, and gained their confidence. He encouraged sport of all kinds, and, above all, pigsticking in the Kadir country, where in his subaltern's days he had been a keen protagonist as well in the more-difficult-to-ride-over-country of Muttra, then the Station of the 13th Hussars.

As Colonel of his regiment he was always approachable and broke the old custom that a Subaltern could never address anyone above the rank of Senior Subaltern unless he was first spoken to by him. He inculcated fitness in officers and other ranks, and promoted healthy rivalry, not only in one squadron versus another, but even in one troop against another, in games, drill, field work and ability of all to find their way across country by aid of

simple map reading. In short, the life of a cavalry soldier of the near past had vanished and in its place was practical soldiering.

Baden-Powell never spared himself. He was wiry, fit and abstemious, though never a teetotaller. On big guest nights he was back again to his subaltern days, in pranks and jokes, some of them practical. His motto was *WORK HARD BUT PLAY HARD*. In these times when malaria was, with enteric fever, almost a closed book to the medical profession, and when death from sickness a commonplace affair, Baden-Powell by his leading did much to help banish the fear of death. Life for the rank and file was in the hot weather tough; the heat was terrific, and the age-old punkah pulled by a sweating, somnolent coolie often failed to function, and mosquitoes stepped in, with the result that malaria supervened.

At first the rank and file were suspicious of their C.O. He appeared at odd times in the lines, even in mufti. This soon passed, and it can be said that the private soldier admired and respected him and welcomed the new outlook, and the lessening of the old time of spit and polish.

His hard life in Africa had taught him much—above all, self-reliance. Working with African trackers he learnt what it meant to follow a spoor, how to evaluate its freshness or otherwise, how to find one's way in a bush and almost featureless country back to one's camp, how to understand what movements and noises portended, how to stand rigid when any slight movement would give the keen-eyed African a clue, how to avoid acute thirst, and many other essential details of an African semiwaterless bush country.

It was later in 1898 that B-P., thanks to his Brevet rank and the absence on leave of the General Officer Commanding, took his place, and went to a hill station in the hot weather: he a busy and restless man had time on his hands. Here it was that the germ of the Scout idea was created. He wrote to me at length, the gist being: You are to collect, with the advice of the A./C.O. and the Adjutant, two young N.C.O.s from each squadron, smart, intelligent and tough. You will work out on the ground, after some preliminary practice by yourself, a short patrol in the country. You will carefully remember everything that you saw going and coming, even ordinary acts of the villager and, above all, anything *out of the ordinary*. You will move on a compass bearing and return to barracks on another. On return you will question each man of your patrol on what he saw. You will inculcate the *Habit* of observation. Here followed instructions to the Adjutant that I was with the men selected to be let off ordinary parades, and that if I did not consider the men intelligent and likely to quickly take note of every detail I was to have them replaced by my own choice. I was to write him weekly how matters progressed. Later simple tests were made on walks taken by B.-P. in the Hill Station, and what he saw had to be analysed and deductions made therefrom. Work was hard, but the returns were good, though many men failed. Later training was given in examining the native Indian villager and evaluating his information. In this the men were far from apt. Then on a fixed line small items were placed by myself, and if not spotted by the men later on, they had to be given clues to find them. This was even carried out in darkness and all the time the men were MOUNTED, and worked in pairs. As in the Meerut

district each peasant field had a low mud wall round it, and as it rarely exceeded one-eighth of an acre, this night work often meant many tosses from horses stumbling and falling, but it gave confidence. On B.-P.'s return he joined in, and after getting the support of Sir Bindon Blood, the G.O.C. he formed a Regimental Scout team with its own special badges—some of which exist to-day—and after much correspondence with G. H. Q. and Simla, grudging agreement was given to the system of Regimental Scouts. Later I went to several regiments, mostly the Gurkha Brigade, to carry out training.

B.-P. was an admirer of Conan Doyle and his Sherlock Holmes, and in my view this started his great interest in observation and deduction. He was a born actor, and a most successful amateur one in Simla, where the performances included Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. He was also a mimic of no mean order, and very nearly got into serious trouble on the stage in Simla (where he appeared, unknown, to take another man's place, and was not billed) by taking off the then VERY pompous Military Secretary to the Viceroy and making a real fool out of him!

His loyalty to the officers and men of his regiment was quite outstandingly remarkable, and often he took the blame for peccadilloes committed by them.

His ability to discipline his mind was amazing. Often in the days long past of Meerut in 1898 he would come to mess in the hot weather, and after dinner compose himself to sleep, always, saying: "Look here, I must go back to the bungalow at 11.30, I am off to the Kadir, and

have ordered my horse for 12 midnight." It never was necessary for anyone to wake him—he was awake almost to the minute, and would ride through the night, on changes of horses every 10 miles, and start pigsticking at dawn, and after three days ride back again the same way.

Utterly human, his many small kind acts in the regiment, when he was far from being well-off, endeared him to the married N.C.O.s and men of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

The pity was that his Army Scouting died with the advent of the Boer War, largely because the Boers were extremely mobile and the British Army quite the reverse, until the closing stages.

To me—now an old man almost 76—Baden-Powell was my ideal of a cavalry soldier, a man of ideas in a hidebound age, a man who never forgot an old friend and comrade. In my view he made my regiment one of the best in H.M. Service and instilled an *esprit de corps* which, even in these modern days of mechanization, I hope and believe they still retain.

I feel that he had carried in his head until he could put it into practice this idea of the comradeship of a specialist body—and through the spread of his first efforts of Scouting in the Indian Army, through my poor efforts, he foresaw that his Boy Scout Movement could remove all racial barriers and OUGHT to make the fraternity of nations a thing in being by his international Movement.

Pray God it yet may come true.

Courtesy : The Scouter, December 1951

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Baden-Powell—a Personal Appraisal

by Dr. W. A. BARRY BROWN

Dr. W. A. Barry Brown of the University of London King's College has, "in providing an important, truly enlightening, and, above all, a totally impartial view of the background to the foundation of the Scout Movement, thrown some intensely revealing and even controversial light on B.-P., the man." He wrote, "Because of the deteriorating relationship between the British and the Transvaal Governments, Baden-Powell decided, after considerable misgivings, that he should prepare for the defence of Mafeking, the largest town in the Cape Colony a few miles from the border with the Transvaal Republic. It is important to stress that it was with misgivings that this decision was taken. The 1966 publication by Brian Gardner on Mafeking and a B. B. C. television play in December 1975 severely criticised Baden-Powell for his decision; indeed their arguments are powerful and their evidence convincing. In whatever light his decision is viewed, however, there is certainly no doubt that Baden-Powell, having made it, went about the assignment with his usual thoroughness.

Two questions, however, need to be posed. Why did the Boers never make any attempt at a proper attack on the town, and why did Baden-Powell, after it was all over, become so very inconsistent in what he subsequently said about Mafeking? He gave different accounts of the orders he had received from Wolseley; he also claimed that Mafeking had served the purpose

of detaining the Boers from the other fronts, yet made conflicting estimates of their numbers. His first report recorded that they numbered 5,000 to 6,000, but on subsequent occasions this figure slowly rose, and by 1937 the figure had risen to 12,000.

It is apparent today that for many reasons Mafeking should never have been defended, and it was a cruel trick of fate that led the innocent Baden-Powell to make the biggest and perhaps the only mistake of his life. Having said that, however, one must not forget that.....Mafeking was a story of success.

It is not only a long story, but a very intriguing one, and one which helps in some measure to explain why he ultimately devoted his life to the world's youth.

Baden-Powell won the defence of Mafeking, but it was Mafeking that lost him his military career; it was to be his last active military assignment. Yet the nation had a hero, and Baden-Powell became the youngest Major-General in the British Army.

In 1907, at the age of 50, after thirty years in the Army he was advanced to Lieutenant-General and placed on the Reserve.

The conclusion of his Army career did not leave him wondering what he should do; even before he retired he had his first

contacts with youth movements, with the Mafeking Cadet Corps (1899-1900) raised by his Chief of Staff, Major Lord Edward Cecil and with the Boys' Brigade (1903, 1904) founded by his friend Sir William Smith.

A programme of activities for boys was a call to him. He had a foretaste of dealing with children from the many letters received from boys and girls asking for the advice of the Hero of Mafeking He ran a trail camp for boys on Brownsea Island; it was a success. In 1910, when the demands from the Scout Movement, with its small beginnings on the Brownsea Island, were increasing, he decided taking his foot off the military ladder, for he had no wish to do any further climbing on it. But the many accomplishments of his military career, blending perfectly with his own special personality and a whole array of natural talents, were to give him the understanding and confidence to devote his time and his future to the founding of the world's most famous and most successful youth movement, recalling his own private world of childhood experiences, which thousands of other boys had also experienced, but did not lead them to do what he did. B.-P. was able to convert his experiences into something that was to become so vast and so uniquely his.

Many instances in his life are part of the story of this most unusual man. He was a very private man, yet it is paradoxical that this private man so often found himself in the role of an intermediary, as an actor between play and audience, as a writer between his experience and the reader, as a soldier between the besieged and the besieger in Mafeking, as the adjutant between the commanding officer and the rank and file and finally, as the Chief Scout between his profoundly-felt

belief in what was best and the youngsters that he wished should benefit from his own homespun philosophy.

Courtesy : Scouting, February and March 1978.

What the Army lost, we have gained by his gift of Scouting and Guiding to the boys and girls of the world. When B.-P. decided finally to leave the Army in 1910, he put the problem to both King Edward VII and Viscount Haldane, then Secretary of State for War. The latter wrote, "I feel that the organization of the Boy Scouts has so important a bearing on the future that probably the greatest service you can render to the country is to devote yourself to it". Prophetic words indeed, service not just to his own country, but to many other countries all over the world !

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Interviewed by the Secretary-General of the World Scout Bureau Dr. Laszlo Nagy, B. P.'s grandson, the present Lord Baden-Powell observed :

"It is certainly not easy to have the same name that another person has made so famous.

When I was a Scout one of the Patrols was trying to make a fire without matches. They were unsuccessful and came to me requesting help. I tried, but also failed. They were shocked ! They thought since my name was Robert Baden-Powell I must have been born with the ability to make a fire without matches. I soon came to realize there was a responsibility that went with the name, so I quickly learned more about fire-making. Mind you I still cannot light a fire, even with matches.

When the title was passed to me I wished to drop it and revert to my family name of Powell. But, several good friends convinced me I should not do this because

the name and title belonged to millions of people. So, I am trying to live up to the name, and use it for the benefit of Scouting.....

I believe that there were only two people who were the objects of his unlimited love and devotion.

Who were those people? In the earlier part of his life his closest friend was Kenneth McLaren, whom he called "The Boy" because he looked 13 years old when they were introduced to each other as fellow officers in the Army. "The Boy" McLaren was with him on Brownsea Island in 1907.

The second person was my grandmother. She identified herself completely with her husband's cause.

Some things he has written appear outdated as we read them today, but quite remarkable most of his principles and educational methods are very contemporary. I think this is why the Scout Movement has continued to grow and develop in so many countries.

If he looked at Scouting today, I think he would be pleased. He intended Scouting to serve the needs of the young person, and he would be disappointed if he thought that Scouting activities had not changed to serve those needs. I think he would be particularly glad to see how the Scout programme has been successful in the field of Community Development".

*Courtesy: World Scouting Newsletter
Bulletin, June 1982.*

Selected by Dr. S. B. Kausik

Has Scouting Become Stereotyped through Wood Badge Training

by John Thurman
Gilwell Park, London

John Thurman was the third and last Camp Chief of Gilwell, the well-known Scouters' Training Centre in England. The designation is now changed to Director of Leader Training. Thurman has written the following interesting and highly thought-provoking article in his usual analytical and crisp style.

Let me begin by saying that the question at the head of this article is not one of my posing, but is one sent to me by the Editor of JAMBOREE. I think it is a very good question, and without being too pedantic about it, I am going to start by suggesting that it is really two questions, the first being: "Has Scouting become stereotyped?" and the second: "If Scouting has become stereotyped, is it through Wood Badge Training?"

It seems to me that the simplest answer to the first question is "Yes and No!"; not, you may think, a very satisfactory answer. I am going on to suggest that it is a satisfactory answer, because I believe it was necessary for the progress of our Movement that in some respects we should become stereotyped, and I believe further that in most of these necessary respects we have become so stereotyped; but equally, because we are a Movement and not an Organisation (to quote the Founder), it is necessary that there should be left room in Scouting for experiments and for unfettered adventure in trying out new ideas and new methods.

It would, of course, have been a very bad thing had we become so stereotyped that, for example, every Scoutmaster

throughout the world knew that at 7-45 p.m. on Tuesday all Scouts everywhere would be tying bowlines round their waists, or that during the first week in August in any given year all Scouts would be climbing mountains. In fairness I must say that there are Scoutmasters who would like Gilwell, and National Scout Headquarters, to issue endless streams of beautifully prepared programmes. Gilwell, and most Scout Headquarters, have avoided this error; we have tried to remember that Scouting, above almost everything, is a matter of personal leadership by the Scoutmaster in relation to a Troop of Scouts. In short, we have tried to remember that there are more roads to our goal of the establishment of sound character than can possibly be put on paper. To issue programmes would be a denial of opportunity, the opportunity that is, inevitably, rightly and gloriously different for every Troop.

To sum up, then, as far as we have gone, I believe we have attempted, but with what success I am not sure, to stereotype Scouting to this extent, and to this extent only, that Scouting is based on the acceptance of and the effort to keep the Scout Promise. Here I would pause and stress the word "effort". We

have stereotyped to the extent of saying—and, I hope, agreeing—that true Scouting in any Troop in any place in the world derives its inspiration from the Founder's teaching in *Scouting for Boys*. There are, of course, ways other than Scouting in which it is possible to help boys to grow up into worthwhile men, but we should have been very unwise to compromise and to water down our Scouting to try to make it acceptable and helpful to everyone. Forty years have shown that Scouting in its true form appeals not to every boy, but to a vast number of boys, and surely it is, as it was originally, to the boys who are attracted to Scouting that we must make sure it is Scouting we give them and not something else.

I think if we are honest we must face the fact that there is much bogus Scouting; to give a few examples: the dramatic society, the first aid training squad, the talking shop, the camping club—I could go on for a long time. All these things are excellent as part of Scouting, but when any of them become emphasised to the exclusion of other things then they change the character of Scouting and it ceases to be Scouting. No longer are we offering to the boy the full compass of the Scout programme that he has a right to expect. I always feel that *Scouting for Boys* is a kind of prospectus, and I am sure that is the way the boys regard it. In a sense it is an advertisement; the boy reads it and says to himself: "Yes, the out-of-doors, camping, adventure, first aid, cooking, sailing, climbing mountains, and so on—these are the things I want to do." And so he joins us. If he finds, as he so often does, that the Troop only does one or perhaps two of these things, not unnaturally he is frustrated and he leaves. Then some of us in our wisdom set up

committees to find out why! The answer is very easy. The boy leaves, and he is right to leave, because we have not lived up to the terms of the advertisement; we have swindled him. *Scouting for Boys* tells him to expect a little of much and we offer him too much of too little.

What has all this to do with stereotyping? I hope we have stereotyped Scouting to the extent that all Scouters accept *Scouting for Boys* with all its implications as the basis of our work, and that means offering the boys the full compass of Scout activities and not just the one or two that happen to appeal to us as adults. These bogus Troops come into being not by the wish of the boy, but due to the wish of the adult. Let me put it another way. Scouting remains one of the few movements that seeks to harness the natural ideas and wishes of boys, to let the boys pursue these activities and make them serve the boys. This is very different to a group of adults sitting down and saying, "Let us discover what will be good for boys and do it!"

I wish I could feel that we do stereotype Scouting to the extent of accepting and carrying into action the Patrol System, but I am afraid I cannot honestly claim that we have done any such thing. This is, I believe, one of the bits of stereotyping we still have to do. There is not the space here to write about the Patrol System, but I would say to every Scoutmaster who reads this: "Do you use the Patrol System or is it just a make-believe in your Troop? Do you really trust your Scouts? Do you really encourage them to do things on their own?" One might almost say: "Are you trying to be a Scoutmaster or that horrible parasite, a Master Scout?"

Wood Badge Training

And so to the second part of our question. Has Wood Badge Training tended to stereotype Scouting? Well, in so far as we have been successful in establishing the Scout Promise, *Scouting for Boys* and the Patrol System, I think Wood Badge Training has had a very considerable part in helping to achieve just that. There were, of course, in the early days of Wood Badge Training, many critics who saw in it the danger of stereotyping. If there are any such critics to-day they keep commendably quite!

Perhaps this is the place to say a little about what Wood Badge Training seeks to do. By implication I have said it already and I will add only these things:

Wood Badge Training has achieved throughout world-wide Scouting what I would call "unity of purpose". We have seen Scouting grow from the initial Scout Troop into a very complex thing. We have Cubs, Scouts, Rovers, perhaps even Senior Scouts, Sea Scouts, Air Scouts, Lone Scouts, Handicapped Scouts, Explorer Scouts, and heaven knows what beside, and what a muddle we could have got into—and on occasion have got into—and how well, in the main, have we managed to keep as the basis of all these desirable extensions that essential thread of true Scouting. I am prepared to say that any branch or section of Scouting that has departed in any major particular from *Scouting for Boys* has failed. Many offshoots of Scouting have failed, and the overriding reason for failure has been departure from the principles of Scouting.

Personally I am delighted that this should be so, because it convinces me more than ever that the basic teaching of

Wood Badge Training is essential to the unified progress of the Scout Movement.

Of course, Wood Badge Training has done much more than this. One of the most frequently used clichés of the modern world is that "the best way of learning is by making mistakes". No doubt there is an element of truth in this, but why should every generation suffer by making the same mistakes? There are surely enough new mistakes to be made without bothering to repeat the old ones. I think it is fair to claim that Wood Badge Training, which embodies the experience of many generations of Scouting, has been able to show Scouters how to avoid making the mistakes that their forerunners made, and has opened to them the glorious opportunity of making their own new mistakes. I say that in all seriousness, because it is a glorious opportunity and I hope it will always be with us. Without Wood Badge Training we should have become so stereotyped that each Scouter in turn would have tended to make the same mistakes, and along that road there can be no progress.

Suppose we look at Wood Badge Training as it is. The actual programme of a Part II Course bears very little relation to the course of the early days; it is the method that has remained constant, the method, if you like, that we have stereotyped. We have stereotyped the method because, despite bringing much dispassionate criticism to bear upon it, no one has been able to produce anything better. We should not forget that the pattern of Wood Badge Training, not the detail but the method, was given to us by the Founder, just as was *Scouting for Boys* itself. What did he tell us to do? "To live together in Patrols, do your own camping and cooking, learn by doing—instruction, demonstration and application". That is what

we have tried to go on doing through the year, and whilst I have anything to do with it we shall continue to try to do it. There are those who say that we could have a better course—in plush tip-up chairs, surrounded by an abundance of creature comforts and visual aids—but they are the people, of course, who deride the effort or, perhaps more accurately, the people who are themselves not prepared to make the effort. Scouting and Wood Badge Training never has been, and never will be, so much a matter of "what we do" as of "how we do it". It is not the adventure itself, but the spirit in which we undertake

the adventure that matters. The files of Gilwell, and I expect the files of many D.C.Cs. throughout the world, are full of letters that say something of this sort: "The hardest and the happiest days of my life..." Long may it remain so.

So, to end where we began. I think we have stereotyped Scouting and I think Wood Badge Training has helped to do it, but we have stereotyped it in the way it needed to be stereotyped, and we have avoided stereotyping the opportunities.

Courtesy : JAMBOREE, December 1949

The Story of the Wooden Beads

by **Dr. S. B. Kausik**
State Commissioner (Scouts)

Not long after the inception of the Scout Movement its Founder, the late Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell felt the need for the establishment of a permanent centre for the training of Scoutmasters and other adult leaders of the Movement. But this could not be realised until some years later. The opportunity came towards the end of 1918 when an affluent District Scout Commissioner for Roseneath in Dumbartonshire, Scotland, W. F. de Bois Maclaren came forward to buy a camp site close enough to London for the use of the Scouts of London, especially the East End of London. A vigorous search for such a place followed and it was found that a derelict estate of some fifty-five acres, Gilwell Park lying on the edge of Epping Forest of the bandit Dick Turpin fame which, at one time in British History, served as a royal hunting forest was for sale. Maclaren bought it promptly and presented it to the Boy Scouts Association. After some initial repairs and renovations, it was officially opened by the wife of the donor on the 25th July 1919 and the first training course for Scoutmasters, the first Wood Badge Course as it came to be known, was held from the 8th to the 19th September 1919. It is in this context that our Story of the Wooden Beads begins.

When the question of giving a suitable badge or award for those Scout leaders who had successfully completed all the requirements of a Wood Badge Course was being discussed, Baden-Powell remembered an enormous necklace of wooden beads which had been lying in his possession for some years. Taking two beads from the necklace, he strung

them together on a leather thong and created the now famous Wood Badge to be given to those who completed the course. What better "certificate" could there be than the beads from a royal necklace! The necklace belonged to a Zulu Chieftain. But very soon it was found that the stock of the original beads was getting exhausted and so replicas had to be made. This became a spare time activity for the Gilwell staff and so the beads also came to be known as Gilwell beads.

While the Wood Badge story began in 1919, the story of the beads themselves started many years earlier; in fact, it goes back to the year 1888. During June-August of that year, Baden-Powell, in his early army career in South Africa, was in command of a small task force engaged in a campaign against the rebellious Zulu tribesmen under their chieftain Dinizulu, son of the Zulu King Cetewayo (also spelt variously as Cetywayo, Cetchwayo or Cetshwayo). Dinizulu slipped through the pursuing British troops and escaped capture, but in the hurry and confusion left behind in his hut a large necklace of wooden beads which Baden-Powell took as a souvenir of the campaign. It was about 12 feet (3.6 m) long and consisted of a thousand or more beads with shaped ends strung together on a rawhide lace. The beads were of various sizes, some upto 4 inches (10 cms) in length, and were made from a South African yellow wood having a soft pith. When the beads were shaped, the pith made natural nicks at the two ends. The necklace was a sign of royalty but was also given to outstanding warriors and leaders of proven ability.



Fig. 1. Dinizulu, the Zulu Chieftain wearing his necklace of wooden beads; hanging on the frame (on the left) is an authentic replica of the necklace and (on the right) the wooden beads on the leather thong.

Dinizulu was a giant of a man, 6 feet 7 inches (2 m) tall and possessed a magnificent stature with huge physical proportions (Fig. 1). He was, in the words of Baden-Powell, "a splendid type of young savage, full of resource, energy and pluck". He surrendered to the British later and was exiled to St. Helena in April 1889. He was subsequently allowed to return to his tribe as chieftain in 1899 on condition that he behaved himself. But he was arrested again in December 1907 for alleged complicity in a Zulu revolt and, although the charge of treason was not proved, he was convicted to a four-year prison term for harbouring rebels. He was finally released on the establishment of the Union of South Africa in 1910 and was settled on a farm in the Transvaal where he died in October 1913.

The Wood Badge beads were at first worn, one in the button hole and the

other on the hat string, but after some time this was found to be somewhat awkward and so they came to be worn round the neck on a leather thong (Fig. 2). The leather thong itself is another personal link with the Founder. During the siege of Mafeking (meaning "place of stones") in the Cape Province of South Africa, the small British garrison guarding its defences was under the command of Baden-Powell. On one early morning during the siege an elderly African saw him somewhat downcast and asked him why he was not whistling as usual.

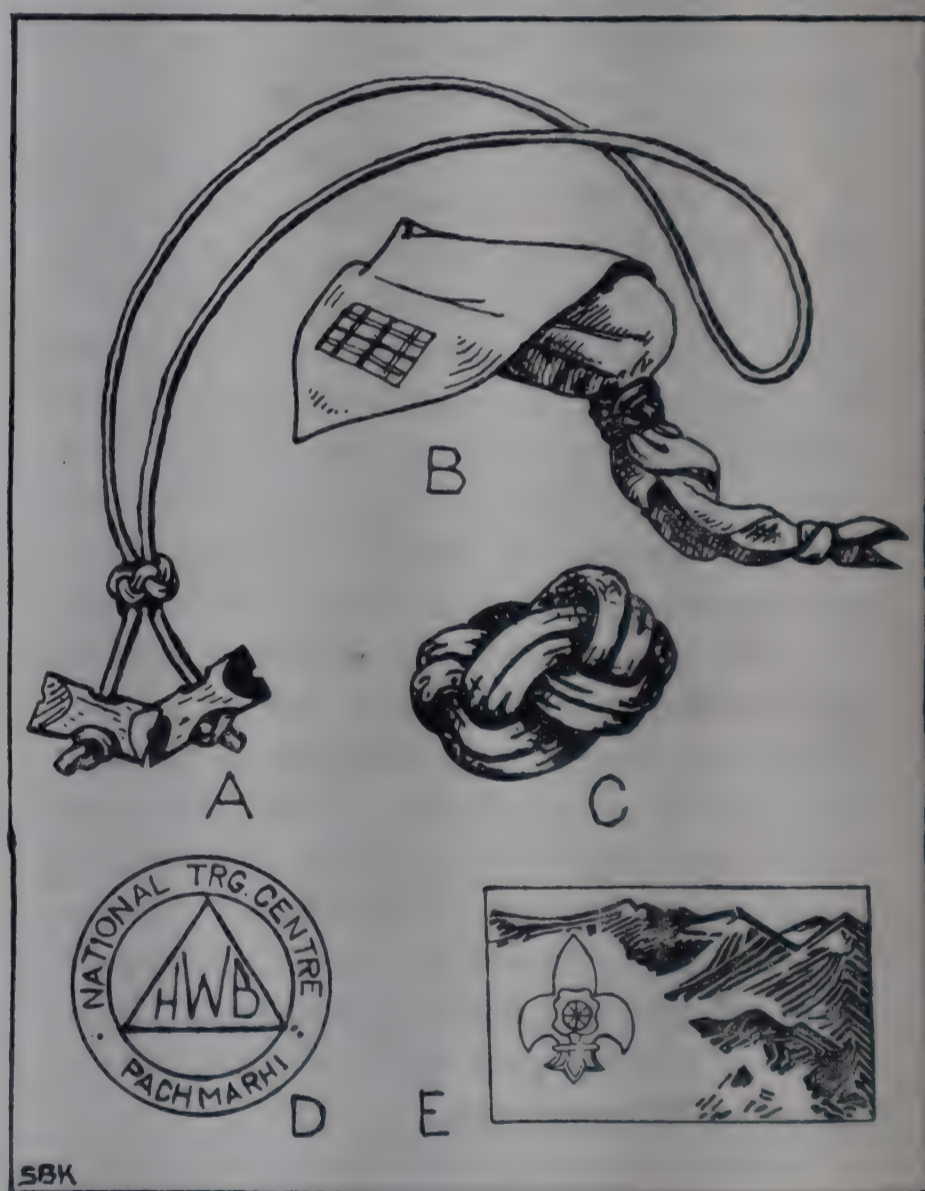


Fig. 2. The Wood Badge Insignia : A. The wooden beads strung on the leather thong ; B. The Gilwell Scarf with the Maclaren tartan patch; C. The Truk's Head Woggle or scarf slide; D. The enamelled metal badge issued to Himalaya Wood Badge holders in the Guide section in India ; E. The patch showing the design of the mountain peaks (Guide section).

Baden-Powell admitted that he was really worried, whereupon the native gave him the leather thong which he was wearing, saying, "Wear this; my mother put it on me for luck; now it will bring you luck". So the Wood Badge insignia, the two beads and the leather thong are both living up to their reputation, telling us that they are a sign of leadership but that, at the same time, an element of luck is also needed for success in our work as leaders!

The first Wood Badge course in Cubbing for leaders in charge of this junior section of the Movement was held in Gilwell in May 1921 and, between 1922 and 1927, those qualified on the course "sported a wolf's fang on the thong, but this somewhat exotic adornment then gave way to the universal beads of wood". The first Wood Badge course for leaders in charge of the Rover section, the senior section of the Movement was held in 1926.

There is another interesting fact concerning the Wood Badge. At one time in the past "a small coloured wooden bead threaded on the thong and resting upon the knot which holds the lace to form a loop" was also worn along with the Wood Badge beads. The bead was coloured green, yellow or red to identify the type of course which the wearer had completed; green for the Scout Wood Badge, yellow for the Cub course and red for the Rover course. However, this practice of wearing coloured beads was discontinued in the late 1940s; it was probably felt that additional colourful embellishments were not needed, although they would have doubtless served a useful purpose.

Wood Badge courses are now held not only in Gilwell, but also in many countries all over the world on the same

Gilwell pattern, but with minor adjustments to suit local conditions. Those who are appointed to conduct such courses must be specially qualified as members of the training team for each country. These members wear two additional beads if they are Leader Trainers (formerly Deputy Camp Chiefs) or a single additional bead if they are Assistant Leader Trainers (formerly Assistant Deputy Camp Chiefs). The Camp Chief of Gilwell (now called Director of Leader Training) wore "a necklace of six of the original beads, which was presented to him in 1949 by Sir Percy Everett" one of the closest associates of Baden-Powell since the earliest days of the Movement. "Sir Percy requested that it should be regarded as a Badge of Office and be worn by all successive Camp Chiefs at Gilwell Park. It was presented to Sir Percy Everett right at the start of Wood Badge Training by B.-P. himself".



Fig. 3: The Founder at Gilwell Park, 1919; Note the beads on the hat string.

In this context, to quote Bryan Dodgson, the present Director of Leader Training at Gilwell, "Our association with the Founder is very strong and the six-bead necklace which I am very proud and honoured to wear as Director of Leader Training, is a piece of our history symbolising B.-P.'s awareness of the importance and value of training, which I feel we must preserve. The beads are from the original Dinizulu necklace, which B.-P. brought back from Africa, and as far as we know, there is no other group of six original beads anywhere in the world. When I leave this appointment, the necklace passes on to my successor to act as custodian".

Baden-Powell himself wore six beads, because it was he who devised and established the Wood Badge scheme of training, which is, like many other things in Scouting, his brainchild. In an early photograph taken in Gilwell soon after its acquisition by the Boy Scouts Association, he is seen wearing the beads on the hat string, evidently an early method of wearing the beads (Fig. 3).

Thousands of men and women from all walks of life and all professions, of all ages, classes and of all nationalities and colours, many of them outstanding personalities, have gone through a Wood Badge course to earn the privilege of wearing the two wooden beads. However, when the Wood Badge scheme of training started, only two had the unique distinction of wearing them without themselves actually going through a course, the Founder himself who created this unique scheme of training and Captain Francis Gindey, the first Camp Chief of Gilwell who helped him in conducting the first ever Wood Badge course of training. In 1957, which marked the Centenary year of the birth of B.-P. and the Golden Anniversary of the

Scout Movement the Founder's wife, Olave, Lady Baden-Powell, the World Chief Guide was given the first Honorary Award of the Wood Badge. On receiving this award, she said, "I received at the Gilwell Reunion the totally unexpected and unique 'decoration' of an Honorary Wood Badge. Earned or unearned, I am thrilled to hold this exceptional award" and observed she felt she was, like others, truly "of Gilwell". Among the few others who received this award in recent years is our former National Commissioner, Mrs. Lakshmi Mazumdar on whom it was conferred in December 1965 at our National Training Centre in Pachmarhi by the then Gilwell Camp Chief John Thurman.

There is another item which is linked with the beads and forms part of the Wood Badge scheme. This is the special pinkish-grey neckscarf with a red under-surface and having a small patch of tartan of the Clan Maclaren sewn on the back at the point to commemorate the generosity of Gilwell's donor (Fig. 2 B). In the beginning the scarf worn by the Gilwell staff used to be entirely of the tartan, but since this proved to be an expensive item of uniform, only the patch came to be used. The scarf is held in position round the neck by a scarf slide, the Gilwell woggle which is a two-stranded Turk's Head knot (Fig. 2 C). This, however, is not an essential item; any other type of scarf slide may also be used.

In view of the recent revisions and changes brought about to update Scouting to suit modern conditions, the Gilwell scarf itself has now ceased to be an essential part of the Wood Badge scheme. In some countries, United Kingdom and the United States of America included, many wear a Scout tie which has since become a permissible item of uniform for the adult members of the Movement.

This account of the wooden beads would be incomplete if no mention is made of the First Gilwell Park Group which is worldwide in its extent and of which all members who have finally completed the Wood Badge course of training are *ipso facto* members. The Founder of Scouting is regarded as the "Group Scoutmaster (now called Group Leader) in perpetuity" of this Group. The Group holds annual Reunions of its members not only in Gilwell, but also in all countries all over the world where Scouting exists. The first Reunion was held in Gilwell in September 1921.

The Gilwell Group is "not a kind of superiority class, but there is a common bond between members who have shared and equally enjoyed an experience".

In India the Wood Badge scheme in the Scout wing of the organisation has the qualifying prefix of "Himalaya", but follows in general the basic pattern of

The international scheme. The Guide wing of the Movement also has its own Himalaya Wood Badge scheme, but with differences; here there are no wooden beads and the scarf, although grey in colour, is different from the Gilwell scarf (Fig. 2 E). Qualified Guide leaders are issued a circular enamelled badge which is pinned on the blouse (Fig. 2 D.).

To end where we began, Dinizulu evaded capture by Scouting's Founder, but his beads became part of Scouting's history. "Now the story comes full circle. The present Paramount Chief of the Zulu Cyprian Bhekuzulu Nyangaziwe, the grandson of Dinizulu took the Scout Promise in September 1969 before a gathering of thousands of Zulu Scouts at ??, the Zulu Royal Kraal near Nungoma in Zululand. The 42-year old chief is himself serving boyhood through Scouting". □

The Last Days of B.-P.

From Book by William Hillcourt

This article is based on and compiled and edited from facts and extracts from Hillcourt's book entitled "Baden-Powell: The Two Lives of a Hero". In writing this book, Hillcourt says, "I have had the unstinted help of the three leading characters in the life of Baden-Powell — himself, his mother and his wife — and the assistance of numerous other people".

—Dr. S. B. Kausik

B.-P. and Lady B.-P. came to India in the beginning of 1937, which was to be for B.-P. his last visit to this country. He was present at the First All-India Boy Scout Jamboree held in Delhi in February of that year. His old regiment, the 13th/18th Hussars was at that time stationed in Risalpur in the North-West Frontier Province and B.-P. spent his eightieth birthday with them when he wore once more his Hussar uniform at a ceremonial parade, of which he wrote: "I felt forty years younger on the spot. It was to me my last mounted parade"; 1937 became the culminating year in a long and varied life starting with this visit to India where he had begun his career sixty years before as a young army subaltern.

Later in the year he was in Holland for what was to be his last World Jamboree, the Fifth World Jamboree held at Vogelenzang, near Bloemendaal in August 1937. Returning home after the Jamboree, he and Lady B.-P. sailed for Africa on the 25th November for a much-needed holiday in Nyeri in Kenya. His health was now far from good and he was advised to take complete rest for at least a year. But his sense of duty for his home

country overruled all other considerations and he was back again in England in May 1938. But he had become very unwell, tired and much exhausted and it was, therefore, decided that he should return to Nyeri to what he called his second home, "Paxtu" — a Swahili word meaning 'Complete' — which had been in the meantime built for him and Lady B.-P. with the top of Mount Kenya in the distance.

In his diary for the year there is the sad entry under the 25th October 1938, "Goodbye, Pax", and two days later he sailed with Lady B.-P. to Kenya to spend the few remaining years of his life. A remarkably eventful life was now drawing slowly, but inexorably to its end. His travelling days were over, and in his second home, "Paxtu", his days were filled with such occupations as sketching, reading, going out on expeditions to see the wild animals, gardening and, of course, letter writing.

For the first time in their married years, B.-P. and Lady B.-P. were completely alone together, without the interference and interruptions from other

people. "We are utterly and supremely happy here", she wrote to her children, "and almost every other minute we keep saying to each other how heavenly it is and how lucky we are to be here".

In 1939 B.-P. was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize as the person "who in 1938 and for thirty years previously has and best promoted the fraternity of nations most and the abolishment or diminution of the standing armies and the formation and increase of peace congresses" through the Boy Scout Movement. But no Peace Prize was awarded in 1939 for there was no peace in the world. Hitler had marched !

In September 1940 B.-P. had a relapse. The doctor, in checking his heart, found it awfully tired. He even warned Lady B.-P. that this might be "the beginning of the last lap and nobody can tell how long he may live — weeks? — months? — but not years". But, on his part, B.-P. knew that the end was only round the corner. He pulled a sheet of paper and wrote slowly, in a handwriting that was still clear, although wavery, a letter addressed to Lady B.-P. :

"Dindo darling, I don't know whether my increasing and unaccountable weakness of the last few weeks may mean the beginning of the end for me, but if so I don't mind personally — it is only the natural thing. I have arrived at the time of life for passing on.

I have had a most extraordinarily happy life, most especially in those last twenty-seven years of it which you have made so heavenly and successful for me. I don't think I have frittered away much of my time while alive. It is good

to think that in addition to my keen soldiering our efforts for the boys and girls have been successful beyond all expectation. It is good to feel that our youngsters are all happily married and established in life.

The world has been awfully good to me and in a way I am sorry to leave it and all its interests, but I have reached the stage where I can be of no use other than a looker-on so it is right that I should go.

But what is more to me than all the world is you my darling. The fact of having to leave you is the one pang that haunts me — not only on my own account but more especially because it will mean a terrible break in your own life. One thing that comforts me is that you are so sensible that you will see it in its right proportion as a natural thing that had to come, and you will face the ordeal with courage during its short spell, till time heals the wound.

I am glad to think that you have the best form of consolation before you in the shape of plenty of work with the Guides. Also you have the great love of your children and their children to help you.

Your sorrow would be the only regret I should have in dying; if I know that you will not let it grieve you unduly I shall die all the happier, my D,

Your BIN"

In November 1940 he had another set-back with occasionally good periods. He drifted into December in a tedious monotony of existence that was not quite 'life'. He and Olave had a strange, unreal sort of Christmas. He stayed in bed

indoors most of the day, then got up into an arm-chair for a while to hear his King's speech to the Empire.

As 1940 waned so did the life of Baden-Powell.

Olave was at his bedside continuously, sharing the hours of the day-and-night watch over him with a kindly trained Sister and noting sadly in her diary each day's occurrences :

29 December 1940 — My poor dear very gloomy and feels he is not improving — and though I pooh-pooh this, in my heart I feel the same and he is not getting any better this last day or two. Actually I like looking after him alone at nights, and he only rang me up four times, and I fuddle round him.

30 December 1940 — Not a very good night last night and he had a sharp pain in his side most of the night. Sent for Dr. Doig. Suddenly he said he was feeling cold, and I put on a blanket, and then he began to shiver and shiver and had a horrible *rigor* again. Dr. Doig arrived in the middle of it and injected Coramine, and he pulled round again fairly quickly.

The New Year, 1941, began sadly. Daily the pains and *rigors* returned. Olave sat silently at her Robin's side, watching

him grow weaker and weaker. He did not want to talk or be read to.

7 January 1941 — My darling slept most of the day. After dinner, Sister Ray, sitting there, said he seemed suddenly much worse, and he might not live through the night even. He was breathing heavily and quite unconscious, and only moved his hand now and then. I just cannot believe the end is coming. Went to bed and dropped off to sleep.

8 January 1941 — At 2.30 Sister woke me, saying 'He is going'. I went to his room and just sat by his bed and watched the dear darling's life ebbing away. He was quite unconscious and still, breathing slowly and rather in gusts, white and thin. Sister Ray sat at the other side of the bed holding his pulse — just flickering.

About 5.00 I thought he would still live the day through and went back to bed to get warm. I kissed his dear forehead and Sister Ray stayed by him. And as I lay listening she suddenly came at 5.45 — '**He is gone**'

He looked so sweet and perfect in death as he was in life — utterly, utterly noble and good and dear and wonderful, great and faultless.



Among the papers found after B.-P.'s death were the

following addressed to the Scouts and Guides of the world—

His Last Messages

TO BOY SCOUTS

Dear Scouts,

If you have ever seen the play, *Peter Pan*, you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech, because he was afraid that possibly, when the time came for him to die, he might not have time to get it off his chest.

It is much the same with me; and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days, and I want to send you a parting word of goodbye.

Remember it is the last you will ever hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life, and I want each one of you to have as happy a life too.

I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life.

Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence.

One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can *be useful*, and so can enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy.

Be contented with what you have got, and make the best of it; look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one. But the real way to happiness is by giving out happiness to other people.

Try and leave this world a little better than you found it, and when your turn comes to die you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have *done your best*.

'Be Prepared' in this way, to live happy and to die happy; stick to your Scout Promise always — even after you have ceased to be a boy — and God help you to do it.

Your friend

BADEN-POWELL

* * * * *

TO GIRL GUIDES

My Dear Guides,

This is just a farewell note to you — the last that you will have from me.

It is just to remind you, when I have passed on, that your business in life is to be happy and to make others happy.

That sounds comfortable and easy, doesn't it?

You begin making other people happy by doing good turns to them. You need not worry about making *yourselves* happy, as you will very soon find that that comes by itself.

When you make other people happy, it makes YOU happy too.

Later on, when you have a home of your own, by making it a bright and cheery one you will make your husband a happy man.

If all homes were bright and cheery there would be fewer public houses, and the men would not want to go out to them but would stay at home.

It may mean hard work for you but will bring its own reward.

Then if you keep your children healthy and clean and busy they will be happy. Happy children love their parents. And there is nothing can give you greater joy than a loving child.

I am sure God means us to be happy in this life. He has given us a world to live in that is full of beauties and wonders, and He has given us not only eyes to see them but minds to understand them — if only we have the sense to look at them in that light.

We can enjoy bright sunshine and glorious views. We can see beauty in the trees and flowers. We can watch with wonder how the seed produces the young plant which grows to a flower which, in turn, will replace other flowers as they die off.

For, though plants, like people, die, their race does not die away, but new ones are born and grow up to carry on the Creator's plan.

So, do you see, you women are the chosen servants of God in two ways : first to carry on the race, to bring children into the world to replace the men and women who pass away; secondly, to bring happiness into the world by making happy homes and by being yourselves good cheery comrades for your husbands and children.

And that is where you, as Guides, especially come in. By being a 'comrade' — that is, by taking an interest in your husband's work and aspirations — you can help him with your sympathy and suggestions and so be a guide to him. Also, in bringing up your children by strengthening and training their minds and characters, as well as their bodies and health, you will be giving them to the better use and enjoyment of life.

By giving out love and happiness in this way you will gain for yourselves the return love of husband and children — and there is nothing better in this world.

You will find that Heaven is not a kind of happiness somewhere up in the skies after you are dead, but right here and now, in this world, in your own home.

So — guide others to happiness, and you will bring happiness to yourselves; and by doing this you will be doing what God wants of you.

God be with you,
BADEN-POWELL

* * * * *

TO SCOUTERS AND GUIDERS

Cecil Rhodes said at the end of his life (and I, in my turn, feel the truth of it), 'So much to do and so little time to do it.'

No one can hope to see the consummation, as well as the start, on a big venture within the short span of one life-time.

I have had an extraordinary experience in seeing the development of Scouting from its beginning up to its present stage.

But there is a vast job before it. The Movement is only now getting into its stride. (When I speak of Scouting I include in it Guiding also.)

The one part which I can claim as mine towards promoting the Movement is that I have been lucky enough to find you men and women to form a group of the right stamp who can be relied upon to carry it on to its goal.

You will do well to keep your eyes open, in your turn, for worthy successors to whom you can, with confidence, hand on the torch. Don't let it become a salaried organisation; keep it a voluntary movement of patriotic service.

The Movement has already, in the comparatively short period of its existence, established itself on to a wide and so strong a footing as to show most

encouraging promise of what may be possible to it in the coming years.

Its aim is to produce healthy, happy, helpful citizens, of both sexes, to eradicate the prevailing narrow self-interest, personal, political, sectarian and national, and to substitute for it a broader spirit of self-sacrifice and service in the cause of humanity; and thus to develop mutual goodwill and co-operation not only within our own country but abroad, between all countries.

Experience shows that this consummation is no idle or fantastic dream, but is a practicable possibility — if we work for it; and it means, when attained, peace, prosperity and happiness for all.

The 'encouraging promise' lies in the fact that the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who are learning our ideals today will be the fathers and mothers of millions in the near future, in whom they will in turn inculcate the same ideals — *provided that these are really and unmistakably impressed upon them by their leaders of today.*

Therefore you, who are Scouters and Guiders, are not only doing a great work for your neighbour's children but are also helping in practical fashion to bring to pass God's Kingdom of Peace and Goodwill upon earth.

So, from my heart, I wish you God-speed in your effort.

BADEN-POWELL

